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JUNE 26, 1981

rian Crozier sees
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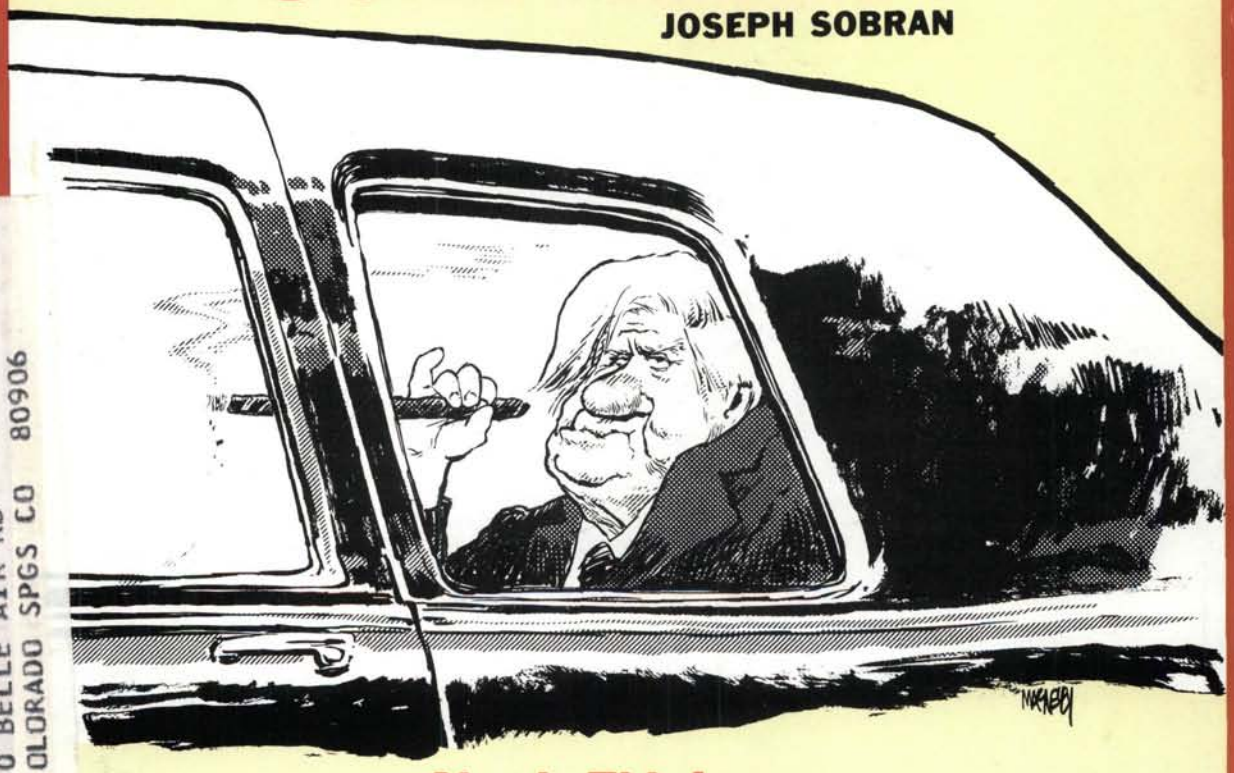
N EUROPE —See page 713

NATIONAL REVIEW

The PARTY OF COMPASSION

JOSEPH SOBRAN



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Also in This Issue:

The Challenge of the Left in El Salvador ROBERT PETER

Behind the Brixton Riots ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Also: Selden Rodman ♦ Ralph de Toledano ♦ Aram Bakshian
David Evanier ♦ Crozier ♦ Lejeune ♦ Novak ♦ Freeman

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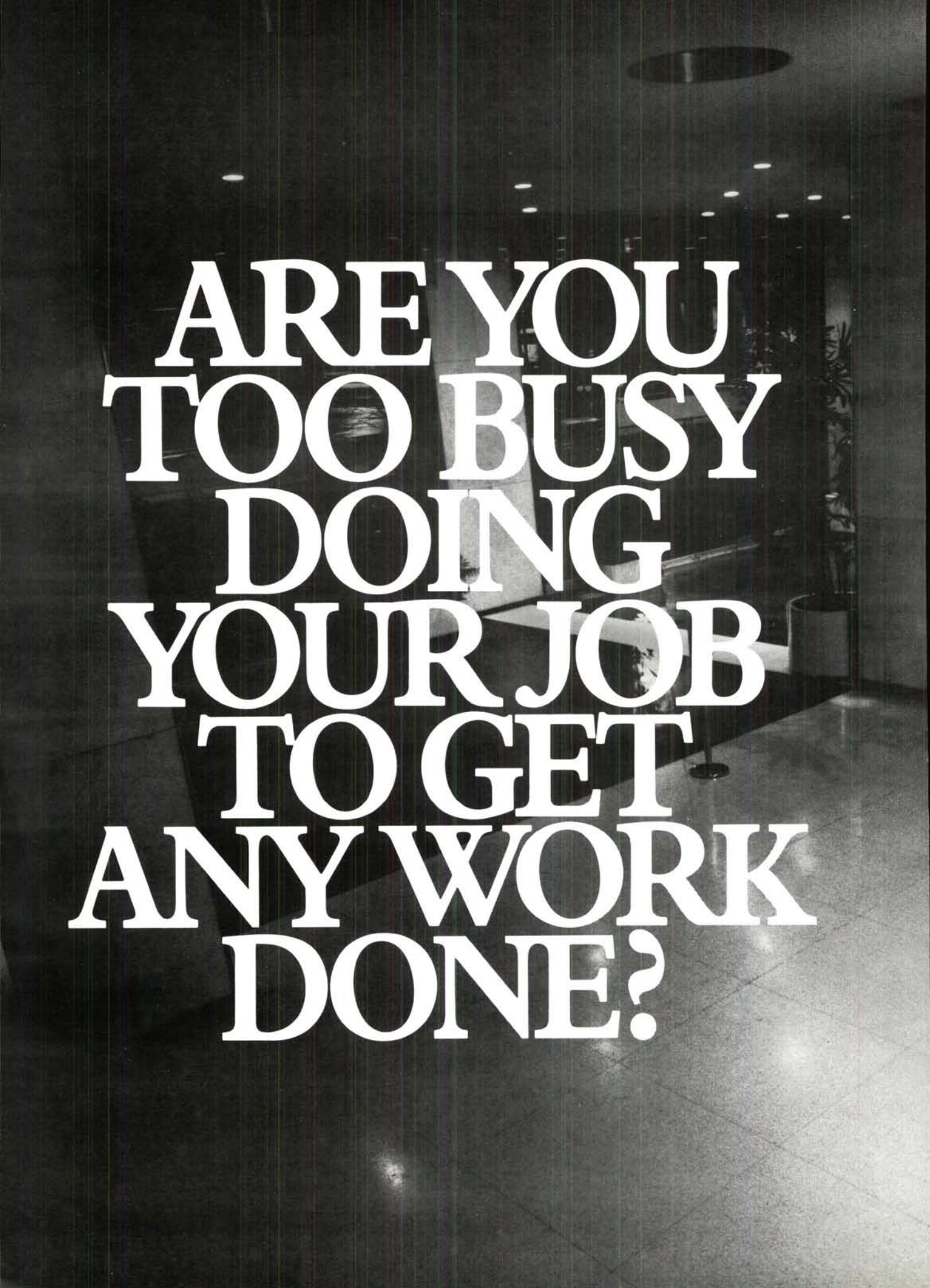

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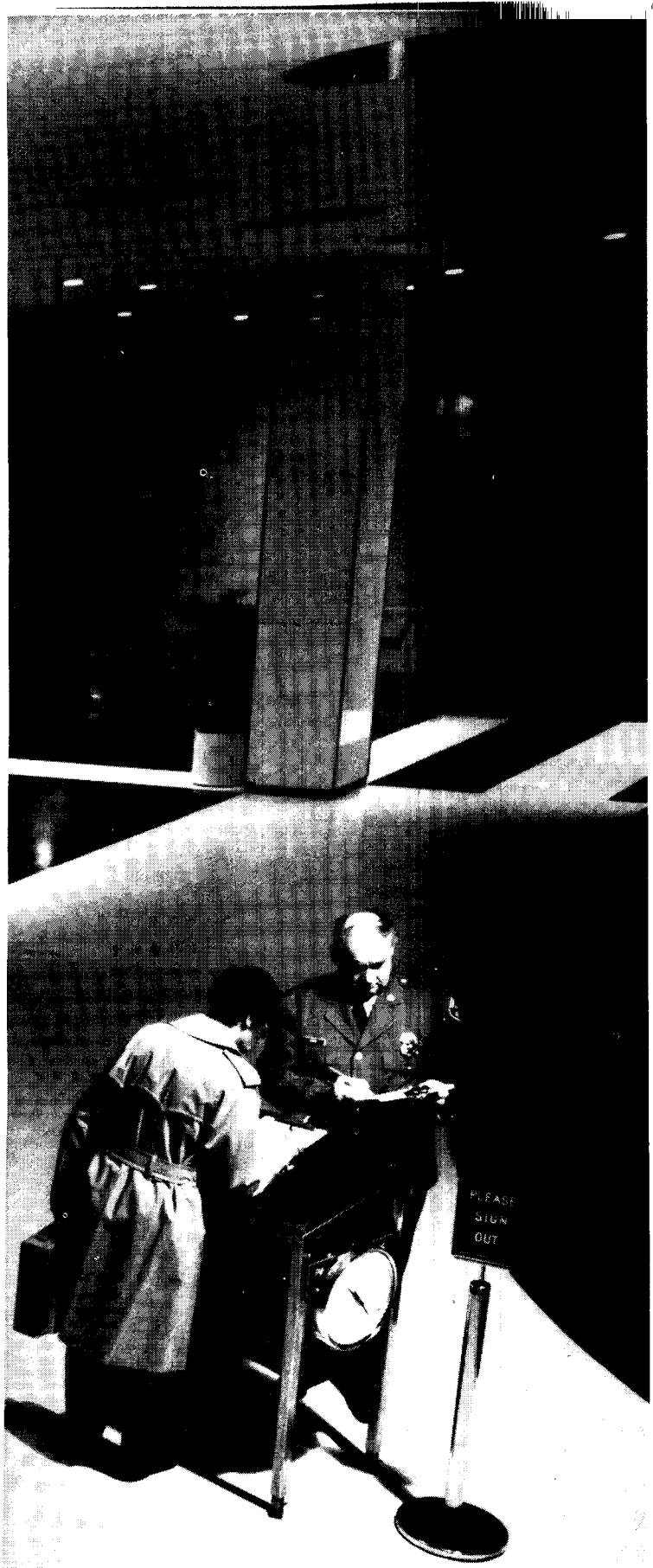

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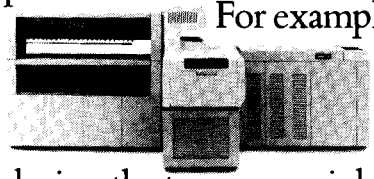

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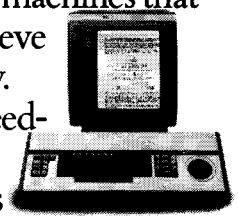

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Cover

716 The Party of Compassion
The Democrats are holding on for dear life as the Reagan-Stockman axe falls, but they do have one so far unassailed position: their claim to represent society's suffering victims. Tip O'Neill, Joe Califano, Teddy Kennedy, and such allies as the usually reliable *Washington Post* and *The New Republic* all share a single long-range justification: to remake society in such a way as to eliminate misery. With appurtenances like chefs and limousines and Pulitzer Prizes, they've at least made a good start toward eliminating their own. *Joseph Sobran*

Articles & Columns

713 The New France
Since Mitterrand's election, the Western press has focused on the silver lining. Herewith a look at the cloud. *Brian Crozier*

714 Why the Left Hates Moderation
Establishing social justice in El Salvador is a bit like trying to pass the Equal Rights Amendment in Saudi Arabia: it will take a while. Meanwhile, there is a proximate necessity—preventing a Soviet-backed revolution—that can't wait upon Utopia. *Robert Peter*

723 What's behind the Brixton Riots?
Combine demography and demagogy, and you get a formula for violence. Alas—*vide* our cover story—not all the demagogues *know* they're demagogues. They think they're just helping society's victims to see their own plight. *Anthony Lejeune*

726 Why I Am Not a Conservative
Can you be a conservative *and* admire democratic capitalism? *Michael Novak*

728 The Irish Problem
Should Northern Ireland join the Republic? Or maybe vice versa? *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

Books Arts & Manners

729 Yes, says **David Evanier**, John Kennedy Toole *was* a genius, and his posthumous novel, *A Confederacy of Dunces*, *is* a comic masterpiece, the sort of book that makes you laugh and laugh, and stays with you afterward. . . . No, says **Selden Rodman**, Toni Morrison *isn't* a great novelist, just a gifted writer, whose work is deformed by racist stereotypes—of whites. . . . Joseph Conrad's son has written a memoir of his formidable father. A good thing the old man isn't around to read it, thinks **Jeffrey Meyers**. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** hails a big (but too short) history of the Communist International. *On a Field of Red* stops with World War II, but it bears lessons for 1981. . . . Richard Hough's *Mountbatten* admirably portrays a man who thought he'd never made a mistake. **Aram Bakshian Jr.** applauds. . . . **John Simon** cries *Basta!* to Federico Fellini.

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Cover cartoon by Jeff MacNelly; cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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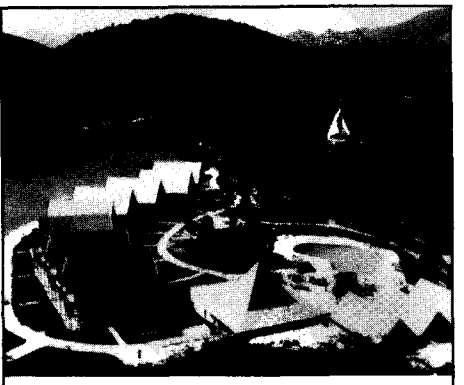
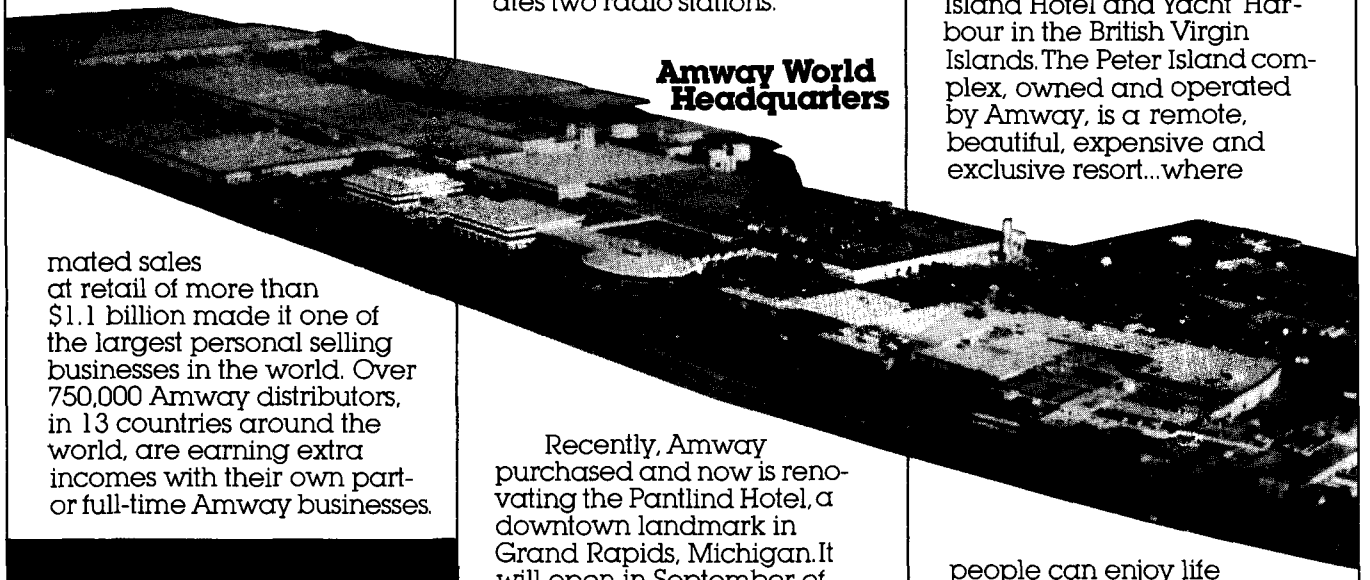
Amway -an American success story.



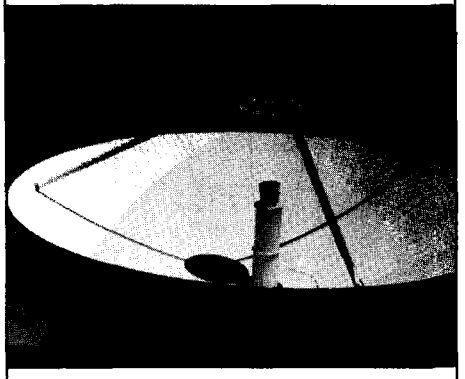
Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour

Another dimension of the World of Amway is the Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour in the British Virgin Islands. The Peter Island complex, owned and operated by Amway, is a remote, beautiful, expensive and exclusive resort...where people can enjoy life as never before.

Since it was organized in Ada, Michigan, just over twenty-one years ago, Amway Corporation has experienced continuing and impressive growth. In 1980, Amway's estimated sales at retail of more than $1.1 billion made it one of the largest personal selling businesses in the world. Over 750,000 Amway distributors, in 13 countries around the world, are earning extra incomes with their own part- or full-time Amway businesses.



Amway World Headquarters



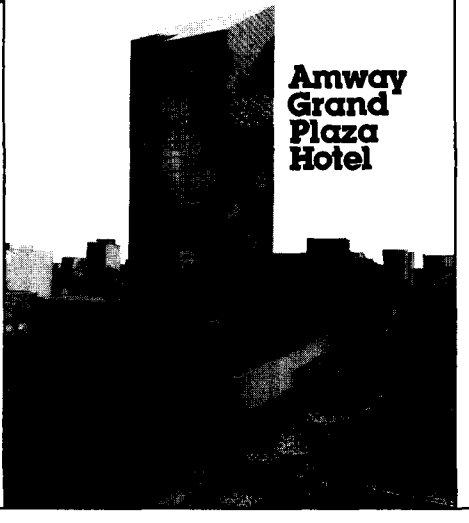
Mutual Broadcasting System

But the Amway story doesn't stop there. Amway is also a diversified corporation with properties in a variety of business areas.

In 1978, Amway bought the Mutual Broadcasting System, the world's largest radio network. From its headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, Mutual furnishes news, sports, special events and public affairs programming to more than 1000 affiliate stations. Mutual also owns and operates two radio stations.

Recently, Amway purchased and now is renovating the Pantlind Hotel, a downtown landmark in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It will open in September of this year as the Amway Grand Plaza Hotel.

In addition, Amway is constructing an adjacent 28-story hotel tower to be completed in 1983. Altogether, the Amway Grand Plaza will offer 700 deluxe accommodations in the heart of the city's retail, commercial and cultural center.



Amway Grand Plaza Hotel

Amway's success didn't just happen. It's the result of hard work by many people in a society which values the precepts of free enterprise. Because we want to keep that opportunity open to everyone, we maintain an active program of information and education which is disseminated through the Amway Free Enterprise Institute. If you would like to join us in that effort, write: Dr. Joseph McNamara, 7575 E. Fulton Rd., Ada, Michigan 49355.

Amway

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Letters

Poland's Hope

John Lukacs's article "Easter in Warsaw" [June 12] suggests that what has begun there is the death of Communism "not only in Poland but in all of Europe." But surely the military power of the Soviet Union is not coming to an end. Dmitry F. Mikheyev recently predicted in your pages that any new power elite arising out of an internal Soviet revolution would perforce be repressive and militaristic, probably more so than the current one ["The Soviet Union: Might It Collapse?" May 1]. If that is so, in what sense can we speak of the death of Communism? Mr. Lukacs is disgusted that "not one Pole--and not one Russian dissident—expects any sympathy or help from the Russian people." The indifference of the struggling and barbarized Russian masses to the Polish situation is the logical reaction of a people without hope. What help will the American people give to the Poles?

Carolyn Wood
Providence, R.I.

No Bombast

Over the years, I have come to expect well-reasoned commentary on world affairs from NATIONAL REVIEW. It is, therefore, very disappointing to discover that empty rhetoric was your only editorial response to the tragedy taking place in Northern Ireland ["A Terrible Bombast Is Born," May 29].

It is difficult to believe, on the strength of your comments, that British and Orange discrimination and cruelty is ". . . not the point." It is equally hard to accept that Conor Cruise O'Brien "said it all," since he seems to say that the British must resist Catholic violence because of the threat of Orange violence.

If you ever get around to making a serious comment on the situation in Northern Ireland, you might possibly make an effective statement. But before you do, please research the subject enough to understand the distinction between "Ulstermen" and "Orangemen."

Winifred L. Hunt
Danbury, Conn.

A Little Flattery

Thank you for keeping your readers advised as to developing discoveries about the Shroud of Turin ["The Week," May 15].

Let me invite your attention to a cognate matter which is also of some importance: the delay for over four years of the publication of the translation by the joint Jewish-Catholic-Protestant commission of a sizable portion of the Dead Sea Scrolls. That delay is the scandal of Aramaic-Hebrew scholarship; a phone call to any expert in the field will verify this.

I suggest that the lack of journalistic curiosity on this subject is itself of some importance, and I am confident that you, with your fearless dedication to disinterested journalism, are going to break this conspiracy of silence.

Richard Ashley
New York, N.Y.

Macaulay and Gun Control

The state of gun-control research is not as anemic as Don B. Kates Jr. thinks ["Gun Control: Can It Work?" May 15]. He should be referred to "Disarmed: The Loss of the Right to Bear Arms in Restoration England," by Joyce Lee Malcolm, reprinted by the National Rifle Association, by permission of the Mary Ingraham Bunting Institute of Radcliffe College. It is short, crammed with facts, quotes the great observers and powerful personages of the time, and is copiously footnoted.

The treatment is critical of control and shows its implementation both as a cause and effect of the Restoration and as a personal demand by Charles II.

The title is self-explanatory, but the concepts presented are hardly limited to that time and place, and the essay includes observations by such as Blackstone and Macaulay, *inter alia*. Both were opposed to control, the former considering it essential for citizens to have the right to possess arms.

J. Anthony Bryan
Member, Board of Directors
National Rifle Association
Hollywood, Calif.

The Price of Gasoline

There are few causes in which one can be more nobly engaged than opposition to protectionism in all of its noxious forms. Thus NATIONAL REVIEW deserves our praise and our thanks for speaking out against proposals for quotas on Japanese car imports even when the proposals emanate from the Reagan Administration ["The Week," May 1].

But when you try to blame Detroit's failures in competing with imports from Japan on price controls on domestic crude oil, you are lending support to one of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated on the American public. Your editorialist writes that controls on crude-oil prices held down gasoline prices, encouraging domestic consumers to keep buying big gas-guzzling cars. Thus when gasoline prices

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rose sharply Detroit was unprepared to meet the demand for smaller cars.

The problem with this argument is that price controls on crude oil did not affect the price of gasoline except for rather brief, though excruciating, periods when there were actually gasoline shortages. Gasoline, except during these shortage periods, was selling for less than the legal ceiling price. All that controls on crude-oil prices accomplished was to transfer wealth from domestic oil producers to domestic oil refiners, leaving consumers essentially unaffected. The reason is simple. There was not enough cheap price-controlled crude oil to meet the demand; thus the difference was made up by imports. But for imports of crude at the world price to be affordable, the prices of refined products had to be high enough to cover the cost of the imported oil. The lower price of domestic crude was a pure windfall to refiners and did not affect the price of gasoline or any other refined product. Between March and October of last year, when the world price of crude was essentially stable, the average price of domestic crude rose almost 20 per cent because of decontrol, while the price of gasoline actually fell by a penny.

It is, moreover, absolutely untrue that Mr. Reagan's decontrol order of January 28 caused gasoline prices to rise. The prices were rising anyway because of the rising *world price* of crude. Subsequently, decontrol has put pressure on refiners to limit their price increases and through them has been putting increasing pressure on crude-oil producers worldwide to bring down their prices. Gasoline prices are almost certainly lower today than they would have been had Mr. Reagan not issued his order of January 28.

David Glasner
Milwaukee, Wisc.

A Parker Fan

J. A. Parker, in his commentary on Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*, took less space than any other contributor to show a brilliance and a special brand of courage that were thrilling ["The Nature of Poverty," April 17]. The best panegyric Mr. Parker could be given is to be included on Carl Rowan's hit list. He may already have been so singled out; I wouldn't know because I no longer can read Rowan even penitentially during Advent and Lent. Sackcloth and ashes are easier.

James J. Madigan
Jersey City, N.J.

College A

WFB's piece entitled "Growing Up Absurd" ["On the Right," May 15] was all too painfully familiar—the description of circumstances at College A makes it quite evident that he speaks of the University from which I recently graduated.

Let me assure Mr. Buckley that, despite his recent harrowing experience, there are surprisingly many students from College A who are educated and intelligent enough to a) read a paper, b) add fractions, c) know the difference between Pericles and Caligula, d) attend speeches by William F. Buckley, and e) read NATIONAL REVIEW. Unfortunately, the commendable idea of state-supported higher education (and all of our colleges go, hat in hand, to the state capitol whether the word "state" appears in their titles or not) has been perverted into the notion that all, however ill-prepared or even stupid, have a "right" to attend state universities. Fortunately, at least at College A, a hard-working faculty allows the few to avoid the mire into which they might be dragged by the many.

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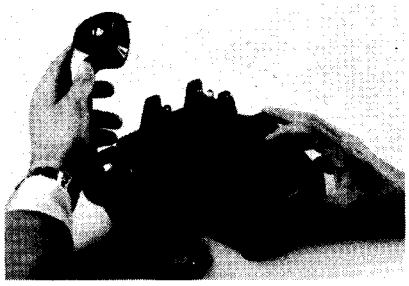

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As for the black students whose absence Mr. Buckley lamented, pity them. They are the sad products of a local public-school system the social-studies curriculum for which teaches mainly that white people are bad and that all will be well once they are brought to heel.

Patrick J. Casey
Baltimore, Md.

Swept Away

Interesting postscript to your editorialist's wish that FDR's programs had sunk as deeply as FDR's yacht ["The Week," May 1]. Local television channels recently carried a news item reporting that the City of Oakland (and its hapless taxpayers) have funded the raising of FDR's sunken vessel, and are planning to give it a place of honor in the local mooring basin there, along with other "historic" ships. Keep the faith!

Peter Heine
Mendocino, Calif.

Correction

Although a devout admirer of Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn and his learned articles on the European situation, I feel compelled to point out a factual error in his column on "The Perils of Poland" [May 15].

He writes of Count Casimir Pulaski, the Pole, as "the only general of the nascent United States who was killed in the War of Independence." Counting only officers of the "Continental" Army raised by Congress (the body that appointed Pulaski), five other generals were killed in battle during the war—Major General Johan de Kalb and Brigadier Generals Richard Montgomery, Hugh Mercer, David Wooster, and Francis Nash. Among the state militia generals killed were William Davidson of North Carolina, Nicholas Herkimer of New York, and Joseph Warren of Massachusetts.

Bruce S. Allardice
Glenview, Ill.

Rich, Not Pink

There was, alas, a misprint in my column of May 29 ["The Moral Case for Reaganomics"]. In a sentence at the end of a paragraph in the third column, the word "rich" came out "pink." The sentence should have read: "The United States in 1981 is a vastly wealthier nation than it was in 1951, or 1851, or any preceding year, because of the creativity of many who were not born rich."

Michael Novak
Washington, D.C.

And by the Way . . .

Re: "Natural Law and the Reagan Revolution" by Linda Bridges [May 15]: What really *did* push Garry Wills over the brink?

Donna Steichen
Saint Cloud, Minn.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Look at it another way. It's not only how well **Ronald Reagan** does, but who will be voting for whom in what new district that will determine whether the GOP takes over the **House of Representatives** in 1982. With the census figures now out, this is known: 17 seats will be shifted from the heavily Democratic "Frost Belt" to the heavily Republican Sunbelt. . . . Many districts will also be redrawn within states, imperiling "between thirty and forty" now solidly Democratic seats, according to **Robert Teeter** of Market Opinion Research. . . . Very hard hit will be the **Black Caucus** in the House, most of whose members represent decaying central-city areas from which blacks and Hispanics are moving away, among them such well known black leaders as Reps. **William Clay** (Mo.), **Shirley Chisholm** and **Charles Rangel** (N.Y.), **Louis Stokes** (Ohio), **John Conyers** and **John Dingell** (Mich.), and **Parren Mitchell** (Md.)—all Democrats. . . . On the political side, a recent **Richard Wirthlin** poll shows 39 per cent of Americans now identifying themselves as Republican, 40 per cent as Democratic. A year ago there was a twenty-point spread, 50 per cent Democratic to 30 per cent Republican. Says Republican National Chairman **Richard Richards**, after looking at those figures, "I look at the future of the Republican Party as better than any time in my lifetime. And the reason is Ronald Reagan." . . . A lot of Democratic congressmen feel the same way. The *Washington Post* quotes one Southern Democrat, now being wooed by the White House on the tax-cut measure: "I'd sure rather have Reagan *not* campaigning against me than **Tip O'Neill**—or any other Democrat for that matter—campaigning for me." . . . O'Neill was beside himself when he left the White House the other day. "I think they [the White House] are bubbling eppervescent [*sic*] with smugness," he sputtered.

Jon, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"It's the sheer greed of striking Civil Servants that nauseates me."

■ On the Senate battle front: An April **Arthur Finkelstein** poll just now published shows **Pat Moynihan** getting "fewer than 50 per cent of the sample" in a head-to-head contest with former Republican Rep. **Bruce Caputo**, the only Republican now in the race to oppose Moynihan, who has generally been regarded as a) vulnerable in the Democratic primary but b) a shoo-in in the general election. Caputo is sure of the support of New York's strong Right to Life party, and is on good terms with **Dan Mahoney**'s Conservatives; i.e., he could get on three lines. . . . In California the latest **Mervin Field** poll shows **Jerry Brown** leading the field in the Democratic senatorial tryouts, with 43 per cent of the vote against 23 for former Sen. **John Tunney**, 14 for **Tom Hayden**. On the Republican side it's **Barry Jr.** 35, to 20 for liberal Republican Rep. **Pete McCloskey**, to a scant 16 for incumbent Sen. **Hayakawa**. . . . In the Massachusetts who'll-bell-the-cat sweeps—that is, who'll take on **Ted Kennedy**—there's some interest these days in **David Brudnoy** among both conservative and liberal Republicans. Brudnoy is a popular radio talk-show host in Boston (WRKO), columnist, PhD historian—and *NR* contributor. . . . A committee in West Virginia is talking of running either former Gov. **Arch Moore** or Col. **Chuck Yeager**, one of **Tom Wolfe**'s Right Stuff test pilots against that fiddle-playing institution, Minority Leader **Robert Byrd**. Committee name? Bye-Bye Byrd.

■ France: The first poll taken since **François Mitterrand**'s election shows the Left (Socialists, Communists, Nuts) getting 52 per cent of the vote in first round of parliamentary elections (June 14). . . . Big question: What size vote will the **Communists** get? They've lost one-tenth of their membership this year (down to under 590,000, from 650,000), and the Communist labor union (CGT) has lost half its members since 1977. . . . French centrists and rightists have been turned off by Mitterrand's cancellation of construction of all new nuclear power plants; his installation of **Régis Debray**, **Che Guevara**'s old comrade-in-arms, as foreign-policy advisor in Elysée Palace; his seating of **Hortensia Allende** (Salvador's widow) at his right hand during inaugural ceremonies.

■ "Guilty of anti-Soviet agitation," said the judge, and ordered Dr. **Anatoly Koryagin** to seven years in prison, five in internal exile. Dr. Koryagin, a psychiatrist, had made the mistake of pronouncing a Soviet dissident sane.

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THE WEEK

■ The attempted coup in Dominica, which was blown when the second-ranking officer in the Dominican army, a captain, spilled the beans in a letter he sent from police headquarters, where he was being held because Dominica has no jail, to the first-ranking officer, a major, also involved a former Prime Minister, a number of Rastafarians, who smoke marijuana and believe that Haile Selaisse, who is God, will take them to Ethiopia, which is Zion, plus a dozen American and Canadian Ku Klux Klansmen who were to have set sail from New Orleans in a boat with a Nazi flag, except that they were turned in by a Vietnam veteran who didn't believe them when they told him that they were a CIA operation, and . . . Oh forget it.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW is suspending all further gibes about the Emerging Republican Majority.

■ Reagan's cut in federal funding for the arts sent many artists screaming into the streets, each demanding "fair treatment" for his pet project. Enter Charlton Heston . . . *stage right*. The conservative Heston, a Reagan supporter in 1980, was recently named co-chairman of the new "White House Task Force on the Arts and Humanities." The 32-member committee includes the liberal William Bowen, president of Princeton University, and the conservative Joseph Coors, president of Adolph Coors Company. Heston actually believes the arts can thrive on a smaller subsidy from Washington and is confident there is enough private money available to do more than merely offset the cut in federal funding. "I think perhaps one of the functions of this task force will be to determine whether the Endowments should involve themselves in recreational arts and humanities funding. Because a program of street dancing is perceived to be a good idea doesn't necessarily mean it should be funded by the NEA. Because an undertaking in community history . . . is perceived to be a good idea and a useful thing doesn't necessarily mean it should be funded by the NEH." Heston brings a sober realism to a significant and politically diverse committee.

■ Nuclear physicist Bernard Cohen said: "The fear is that a small nation with nuclear power facilities could divert plutonium from its power plants into a military weapons program. This route has never been followed, and for very good reasons. If a nation wants to develop plutonium weapons, it is ten times cheaper to build a plutonium production reactor than to build a power reactor, and the weapons-grade plutonium obtained from the former would make much more reliable bombs with about ten times higher explosive yield. . . . Another route to a nuclear military capability would be to purchase or construct uranium enrichment facilities. . . . All nuclear weapons so far produced have used fuel obtained by one or both of these methods" (*NR*, Sept. 16, 1977). "All nuclear weapons," including those presumed to have been planned by the Iraqis. Their reactor was a research reactor, forty times smaller than the typical power reactor in this country. With modifications, it could have been converted to plutonium production. It was cheaper to build than a power reactor; any plutonium it produced could have been more conveniently "withdrawn" (a power reactor would have to be completely and expensively shut down); the plutonium that would have come out, in consequence, would have been of higher quality (the longer it sits in the reactor that produces it, the less use it is to bomb-builders). The Iraqis took the cheapest, most rational route to a bomb—not the route of nuclear power. They aren't building warheads at Seabrook.

■ Okay, no gloating please. The Polish Communist Party is having an extraordinary congress to institutionalize the changes of recent months. The Polish Communist Party enjoys a massive public support of about 3 per cent and shrinking. The actual Polish political tendency appears to be social-democratic, nationalist, and religious. Whatever the Soviets do—invade, not invade, sort of invade—they lose politically. Enjoy.

■ The French and the Russians decided to have a joint show of modernist art and poetry, so they got together a lot of work by Parisians—Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani—and by Russians—Kandinsky (emigrated 1921), Chagall (emigrated 1922), Malevich (stayed home, forced to stop painting in the Twen-

Seen on the Hill

Senators Percy and Tsongas;
Percy and Senator Glenn;
Kennedy, Cranston, and Percy—
Percy and Tsongas again.
Percy and Goldwater? Never.
Percy and Helms? That's *obscene*.
Percy and President Reagan?
Not while God's apples are green.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ties), Mandelstam (died in a camp 1938), Blok (originally pro-Soviet, died disillusioned 1921), Mayakovsky (pro-Bolshevik, disillusioned, committed suicide 1930). They started the show in Paris, then took it to Moscow. The Soviets tampered with the catalogue, fudged Mandelstam's and Mayakovsky's deaths, deleted a footnote referring to Trotsky. A Frenchman resigned. Soviet TV coverage focused on exhibits linked to Lenin. The show will run four months. Tickets available through state cultural organizations.

■ On May 31, some 150,000 New Yorkers rallied in support of Soviet Jews, with Mayor Ed Koch, Governor Hugh Carey, and Senators Al D'Amato and Daniel Patrick Moynihan in attendance, and National Security Advisor Richard V. Allen sending a message on behalf of the Administration. One sour note: the speakers included Jane Fonda, who presumably upholds the right of Jews to emigrate only so long as they don't leave by boat.

■ Our cover story had already gone to press when our cover subject, Tip O'Neill, appeared on ABC's *Issues and Answers*, apparently for the sole purpose of underscoring every charge leveled against him between pages 716 and 722 of this issue. There's just no other explanation. Ronald Reagan, he said, has "no concern, no regard, no care for the little man of America. . . . Because of his lifestyle, he never meets those people. . . . I think that he has very, very selfish people around him, people of only the upper echelon of the wealth of this nation. . . . We are the party of the people. And we're their guardians." What we want to know is, how did he get an advance copy of our article? Is there a leak at NATIONAL REVIEW?

■ *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* weighs in at four pounds and 1,162 pages, a behemoth of illiterate blather and make-believe. Out of 119,000 questionnaires that were distributed, only 7,239 men chose to respond, which means that the book consists of the confessions of gents who have a greater than average taste for writing about their private lives. Ms. Hite only wrote 41 pages of the book herself, about the state of affairs under matriarchy (across the street from "Jimmy's World"), which, though she doesn't know it, bears a close resemblance to the state of affairs in the patriarchal societies of Greece and Rome. There are no footnotes, and only one author (Kinsey) is cited. Maybe Ms. Hite can get one of her old jobs back at *Hustler*, or *Oui*, where this kind of stuff belongs.

■ A frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW received an extraordinary bouquet the other day. In his commencement address at West Point, President Reagan singled out "my good friend Laurence Beilenson." Citing two of Beilenson's books, *The Treaty Trap* and the recently published *Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age* (an excerpt from which appeared in the December 12 *NR*, under the title "Is Nuclear War Likely?"), the President reiterated a principle fundamental to all of Beilenson's work: the peril that awaits any nation that relies solely on treaties in its search for peace. Those familiar with Beilenson's work cannot have been totally surprised by the Israeli raid on the Iraqi nuclear reactor, for example. In the *NR* excerpt, Beilenson warned about the consequences of nuclear weapons in the hands of unstable rulers, something Iraq's Saddam Hussein most assuredly is. Yet Beilenson wouldn't endorse wholeheartedly Prime Minister Begin's actions. Astute as he is militarily, Begin is an inept propagandist. He has failed to point out that although Iraq is a signatory to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, every party to the treaty is free to withdraw upon three months' notice. How sacredly Iraq would view its obligations under the treaty is open to question. After all, it is currently engaged in a war arising out of its breach of a 1975 treaty with Iran.

■ Last week Jeff MacNelly drew his last political cartoon for syndication. MacNelly's cartoons have been in syndication for almost a decade, and for the last five years no *NR* has appeared without one. In announcing his decision to the *Richmond News Leader*, MacNelly cited a desire to get away from daily deadlines and to concentrate on his comic strip, "Shoe." MacNelly also complained of difficulty in lampooning the Reagan Administration. Political cartooning is a negative business, and MacNelly is so much in agreement with many of the current rumblings in Washington that he has found fewer nubile targets for his acidulous pen. This is a serious side-effect of the Reagan landslide: if Carter had been re-elected we would likely still see MacNelly cartoons every day! "I spent years down in North Carolina drawing gas stations and pickup trucks and rednecks and hound dogs. That's always been my favorite setting. So when President Carter and Brother Billy came along, that probably was my heyday." *NR* wishes MacNelly the best with "Shoe," as with all his other endeavors. (And thanks for the cover of this issue.)

■ VOICES OF MODERATION. Harry Stein, who writes a column headed "Ethics" in *Esquire* (you read it right), thinks the Americans who support Reagan are like the "good Germans" in "Hitler's Germany." Those Germans, he allows, "were not, after all, evil people; they were just essentially self-interested ones." Then again, Stein thinks that those who voted for Reagan did so

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Israelis will get away with it. That's the consensus here on the Iraqi nuclear reactor take-out. A loss of points in the long term, yes, but no Arab reprisal, no UN punishment (except rhetorical), and no shut-off of U.S. hardware.

But there are costs to the Israelis. One powerful question being aired around town is whether Israel under Begin can only function as a belligerent state. Whenever peace threatens to break out, Begin does what he can to nip it in the bud. The Israeli Prime Minister depends for his re-election on the perpetuation of a state of belligerency, the argument goes. In fact, it might be that the whole of Israeli culture, government, and society generally can breathe only in a state of permanent belligerency. Can Israel function in a peaceful world? Think about it.

The Arab diplomatic community (and others) in Washington are not quite satisfied with the State Department asseveration that the U.S. had no prior knowledge of the raid. How is it, they ask, that an American University professor, Amos Perlmutter, visiting Israel stated on the air that he had been briefed about the raid two days before it took place? If the academician can be believed, and *he* knew about the raid, who then can believe that the U.S. intelligence community did not, regardless of our understandings with the Israelis that put limits on our intelligence gathering in that nation.

So, what did we know about the Israeli raid and when did we know it? The answers are these: 1) we've known for a long time that the Israelis were frightened to death of that Iraqi reactor; 2) we've known for a considerable time that the Israelis had a contingency plan to take out the reactor by air strike; and 3) we did not know before June 7 that they would so act on that date. The President himself, his aides, and his Cabinet officers were stunned and outraged at the strike, the outrage stemming largely from the derailment of the Habib mission.

The Israeli raid is not without certain silver linings: François Mitterrand won't have to worry about selling enriched uranium to the Iraqis. Sadat and other Arab moderates can sleep more peacefully in the knowledge that bellicose and rejectionist Iraq won't be in a position of coercive control in the region. And Ronald Reagan will be able to sell the Saudis the AWACS (for whatever they are worth, having not even been able to scan the action, much to the red-faced chagrin of the Pentagon) with far less heat from pro-Israeli congressmen.

■ With Ernest Lefever having stepped aside, conservative hard-liners here are saying that the timing is perfect to use Occam's razor and circumcise the State Department of this superfluous accretion. Human rights ought not to have been elevated to State Department bureau status in the first place, headed by an Assistant Secretary. Let the issue quietly die from inanition.

But a larger body of seasoned opinion is saying that this would be politically unsound because it would give the Democrats an emotional three-year license to club Ronald Reagan for his hard-heartedness. Better to fill the post, and early.

Names being bruited about include Rita Hauser, Bayard Rustin, Max Kampelman, and Michael Novak. Excepting Mrs. Hauser, all are Democrats. Novak has the edge, and deservedly so. (The fact that the *Washington Post* editorially nominated Novak to succeed Lefever is offputting to many, and may be the kiss of death for Novak. On the other hand, no person or institution is altogether beyond redemption, and even the *Post* will occasionally stumble into the truth.) President Reagan appointed Michael Novak to represent the Administration at the UN Commission on Human Rights. More importantly, Novak is an original thinker whose insights into the human-rights dilemma have already shown themselves to be valid, penetrating, and based on important distinctions.

Novak's personal hegira—spiritual, political, economic—from the Left to the Right, somewhat in the Podhoretz mode, has been edifying to behold. (See page 726.) And also comforting. Conservatism needs fertile intellects that are absorbent and resilient. Too often conservative thinkers and spokesmen are rigid and stark and brittle in their views of reality. They become polemicists rather than teachers. Novak manages to make brilliant points for conservatism without losing subtlety or nuance.

What the job needs, too, is an irenicist, not a polemicist (which is what Lefever is), someone who can take a public stand when appropriate but in a conciliatory way. He/she should also be able to act in the tradition of the Quakers: Speak truth to power quietly.

■ Sooner rather than later, the press is going to hone in on Ronald Reagan's absence from the press conference platform. The Meese card is being played too often, and it's growing tiresome. Let's have Dutch himself. *Verb. sat.*

—CATO

"in woeful disregard of their own self-interest." Maybe *Esquire* should run a column headed "Logic." But who over there could write it?

■ Our regular "Voices of Moderation" designation cannot do justice to this one. Here we have an intellectual *tour de force* on a par with the Kommandant of Auschwitz arguing that if you don't like what he's doing, you shouldn't have been born Jewish. Here is *Playboy*'s editorial reply (July 1981, p. 60) to a name-withheld-by-request humpstress annoyed at the possibility of not being able to kill her offspring: *"You've reached the heart of the issue. The fundamental difference between a pro-lifer and a pro-choicer is that the former truly believes that people who don't want babies should not be screwing. The rest is all intellectualizing."*

■ WHY WE'RE IN THIS MESS DEPT.: A survey by a legal publication finds that 81 of the nation's hundred largest law firms have offices in Washington, D.C.

■ The National Labor Relations Board charges that Aeronca, Inc. engaged in unfair labor practices when

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it stopped giving its employees Christmas turkeys without consulting the union first.

■ Think of it—all that baby formula advertising in Africa. Next thing you know they'll be putting tailfins on their oxcarts.

■ Then there was the judge who said he had no objection to kiddie porn, as long as it was in good taste.

Practical Non-Proliferation

Reality simply broke through. Despite rhetoric about "non-proliferation," the world is not run by pieces of paper. The United States took no action when India exploded its "peaceful nuclear device," because India's bomb in fact poses no threat to the United States. It may even be a positive factor in regional stability.

An atomic bomb in the hands of Iraq, on the other hand, would have been a lethal threat to Israel's existence. Israel simply eliminated the possibility. The message ought to be absorbed.

Iraq does not need an atomic bomb. A major oil producer, it does not even need atomic power. As regards the atomic plant in question, Iraq rejected a French proposal to change the design to one that did not use weapons-grade uranium. Iraq has also been buying up raw uranium, unsuitable for reactors but the very thing you need to produce plutonium for bombs. The reactor itself was a "research reactor," i.e., not useful for producing atomic power. In official statements Iraq has said that its atomic capability would be used against "Zionism." It would have been irresponsible for the Israeli leadership to permit Iraq's atomic capability to reach the point of practical application. In the same way, in 1962, President Kennedy refused to permit an atomic threat to the United States to be established in Cuba.

Precisely what nations will be permitted to have an atomic bomb is hardly a matter of universal verbal agreements. It is a matter of practical power. The Israeli air strike on the Iraqi reactor was, among other things, intellectually refreshing.

It was ritualistically necessary for the Reagan Administration to express its disapproval. But it must appreciate the lesson in realism.

Reagan versus LBJ

It is a grand peripeteia, a great turning. Reagan has declared war specifically on the Great Society of Lyndon Johnson, and he is taking it apart piece by piece and throwing it out onto Pennsylvania Avenue. The numbers are important but not crucial. Whether it's 10-10-10 or 5-10-10, the only argument concerns just how quickly the public sector will shrink relative to the private sector. Even the Democrats no longer dispute the direction.

Seventeen years ago, in 1964, things were very different. Lyndon Johnson was the new President, he had been raised politically under Franklin Roosevelt, and he intended to make the four-term President look like a piker. On January 8, 1964, Lyndon Johnson went before Congress to deliver his first State of the Union Address.

"Let this session of Congress," he said, "be known as the session which did more for civil rights than the last hundred sessions combined." President Johnson wanted "the most far-reaching war on human poverty and unemployment." He believed, fervently, that the answer lay in massive federal programs, in the metastasis of the public sector. He went on, in that State of the Union Address, to demand a major national health program, an enormous expansion of public transportation, much more foreign aid; and he called for the construction of more homes, schools, libraries, and hospitals "than any single Congress in the history of our Republic." Program piled on program. Youth, community action, anti-poverty, CETA, legal services, ACTION and VISTA, Arts and Humanities, needy children, migratory workers. On and on.

At the same time, Johnson was trying to fight a major war of attrition in Southeast Asia—not winning it, just fighting it. In retrospect, it's all sort of crazy. It is characteristic that Johnson, in opposition to Ho Chi Minh's "revolution on the Mekong," actually proposed a "TVA" which would render all of Vietnam affluent. He would fight revolution with rural electrification. This was the Brobdingnagian version of the New Deal, everything blown out of proportion, everything floated on a sea of uplift rhetoric. From his tomb in Hyde Park, Franklin Roosevelt must have savored the remark of the man on the *Titanic* who said to the waiter, "I asked for ice, but this is overdoing it."

Reagan's historic task is to bring things back into proportion. Appropriately, he is an old Democrat, an old New Dealer. His real fight is with the extraordinary expansion of the New Deal tendency which took hold intellectually in 1960 and politically in 1964. An interesting symmetry exists intellectually. On the eve of the Kennedy-Johnson era, John Kenneth Galbraith published a best-seller called *The Affluent Society*. By "affluent," Galbraith meant the private sector. He argued that the public sector was impoverished. Well, things really changed in a big way thereafter. But the Reagan era has also been introduced intellectually by a best-seller in economics, George Gilder's

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Wealth and Poverty, which stands Galbraith on his head, and launches a vigorous defense—no, not defense: evangelical claim—for the private sector.

Lyndon Johnson, historically, was the last great liberal. He drove the ideology to a mad reductio. Reagan is now working with the grain of history, cleaning up the mess.

The Thatcherization Of Ronald Reagan?

Policy-watchers discern the beginnings of the Thatcherization of the Reagan Administration. The foot was in the door from the beginning, when traditional Republicans and liberal Democrats, who adopted the balanced-budget war cry as a cover for opposing tax cuts, forced a balanced budget onto Reagan's tax-cutting agenda. This made it inevitable that OMB Director Dave Stockman's job would be constrained in a way that would pull him out of the supply-side camp. Stockman, who rode Jack Kemp's coattails to power, is finding that his perceived success as OMB director depends less on how much taxes and spending are cut and more on whether he produces that balanced budget in 1984 or sooner. This has made him less of a tax-cutter, as he sees, on paper, the revenues flowing away from his balanced-budget success-indicator.

This well-known Washington process of being won over to defending the interests of one's office has been hastened by the Treasury's apparent inability to move its bureaucracy away from the use of static revenue analysis, which always shows a revenue loss whenever taxes are cut. Thus, a $50-billion tax cut is taken to mean $50 billion less in revenues; the gain in revenues from better incentives is not offset against the loss.

Thatcherization is spreading into the White House itself, where it produced a "compromise" tax cut. On the surface the scaled-down and delayed tax package is simply a part of the normal negotiation process with Congress, but policy-watchers detect a White House hand grasping for a smaller budget deficit in 1982 and striving to reduce budget-cutting pressures and still come up with that 1984 balanced budget.

The problem is that according to supply-side theory a smaller and later tax cut cannot produce the same level of economic performance. The lower level of economic performance itself means less tax revenue because of the smaller tax base, so it is by no means certain that the scaling down and delay of the tax package will even mean more revenue. In addition, the lower real economic growth (as a result of the smaller tax cut) means higher budget expenditures for unemployment and income-support programs and greater outlays for inflation-indexed expenditures such as Social Security payments.

The upshot is that scaling down and delaying the tax package will gain the Administration little, if any, revenue, but it will raise those budget expenditures that are related to the economy's performance. The actual budget picture could deteriorate, and the Administration's likely response would be to back away still further. The sure sign of Thatcherization will be supply-siders leaving the Administration.

Ghost Story

Like a specter in a dream
From the previous regime,
Tip O'Neill can only grouse
From his lectern in the House.
So far, no one's been enticed
By this noisy poltergeist.
Since his shade will not be missed,
Shall we call an exorcist?

W. H. VON DREELE

A Primer for Fritz

"Some Administration spokesmen now say that there is a difference between right-wing authoritarianism and left-wing totalitarianism, and that we must tolerate the terror of the one, but must condemn that of the other. [But] torture is torture, and terror is terror. And whether it occurs in Cuba, Russia, Vietnam, Argentina, Chile, or El Salvador, we in America should oppose it, condemn it, and do our best to stop it."

Thus former Vice President Fritz Mondale to the 1981 graduating class at Brandeis. And thus have liberals everywhere manhandled an important distinction they did not deign to notice until forced to.

Yes, terror *is* terror. But it makes a difference how far the terror extends. Macbeth will kill his way to the crown, and kill anyone who poses a possible future threat to his possession. But possession is all he seeks. The classical tyrant—roughly speaking, the authoritarian—may rule selfishly. But selfishness has natural limits.

The totalitarian, the Stalin, wants more. He wants to transform society. For him the possession of power is only the beginning. He uses it to suppress religion, to turn all art into state propaganda, to control all economic activity, to turn education into mass brainwashing. Every independent thought and impulse of the citizen affronts him. Consequently he will take measures that wouldn't occur to Macbeth—sealing off borders and shooting would-be refugees, for instance.

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Because the authoritarian leaves most of the population in peace, he has no need to prevent them from fleeing. Whatever his personal wickedness, his rule is endurable for most people. He may be cruel to his enemies, but he doesn't treat the entire population as enemies.

Is that a moral difference? We needn't insist that it is. But it is an enormous practical difference, one that the boat people should have taught Fritz Mondale by now.

Oil Poker

Columnist William Safire suggests that now is the time to slap a five-dollar-a-barrel fee on imported oil. *NR* sees him, and raises him five.

The OPEC cartel now faces a worldwide glut of oil, generated by its own greed. The inelastic demand which all oligopolists count on in order to render their extortions effective has proven to be elastic after all. The oil-consuming nations of the world have been conserving and shifting to other fuels. Two previous gluts were averted only by fortuitous circumstances—the Iranian revolution and the Iran-Iraq war. In the last few weeks, the economic chickens have finally begun coming home to roost. We should speed them on their way, and watch the OPEC countries scramble to undersell each other.

A host of objections will be raised, none of them convincing. An import fee would boost prices for consumers—yet that is what we want. Only if consumption drops can we create a buyer's market. (And the revenues could go back as tax rebates.) The import fee is not a free-market solution—appropriately not, since the OPEC cartel is not a free-market phenomenon. It is a political alliance with larcenous intentions, which must be countered by political means. Even so, the market would in the long run curb it, as witness the present glut and its effects. In the long run, however, we may also go broke from shelling out $70 billion a year in oil royalties. Domestic producers would realize a windfall, as would Canadians and Mexicans if, as has been suggested, we exempt them from the fee. Better them than six dozen sheiks and their assorted bankers and arms suppliers. And the last argument, beloved of the State Department: Saudi Arabia won't like us. Saudi Arabia will get over it; and if it doesn't, we'll hide the AWACS repair manual.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"I think sending Mr. Trudeau a little reminder note about inflation and interest rates is thoughtful of you . . . but do you know which is his office window?"

Mr. Nice Guy

President Reagan has the singular ability to get along with just about anyone. Tip O'Neill *likes* him. Reagan even got along with President López Portillo of Mexico, who conferred with him at Camp David last week. López Portillo is not our idea of a fun houseguest. He is a socialist who lends what legitimacy he can to Fidel Castro's Caribbean penal colony. Communist plotters enjoy rest-and-recreation in Mexico City, with the official welcome mat rolled out. The Mexican government pursues a mischievous policy in El Salvador. President López Portillo is, ahem, not a moral leader. Nevertheless, his visit to Washington and Camp David was a diplomatic success for Reagan. "I must confess that I am moved," the Mexican president said at the White House. "I have spoken . . . in this same place three times before, and I have never been so moved as I feel today." Reagan was equally gracious. There was no mention of Montezuma's revenge. But all this was not a matter of personal feeling. Both men recognize that Mexico and the United States have interlocking interests. Mexico is an energy producer with an exploding population. It is geographically strategic. Reagan's "guest worker" proposal may ease to some extent Mexico's unemployment and population problems.

Moreover, despite the "progressive" line it takes in its public pronouncements, Mexico is in fact a fragile polity, a one-party system, a lightly veiled police state. In terms of Realpolitik, the present Mexican system does not lead from strength. Above all, it does not need a Castroite takeover on its southern border in Guatemala. A large part of López Portillo's pleasure at Camp David must have come from his knowledge that Reagan will not permit any such thing to happen.

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Making Sense on Rights

The Senate hearings on Dr. Ernest W. Lefever generated more dust than light on issues concerning the U.S. approach to human rights in other countries. Those differences—they divide the Capitol's human-rights zealots from the Reagan Administration—stem, as we understand them, from a distinction, once known to every schoolboy, between replicated and unique essences, or universals and particulars. In legislating, Congress tends to lay down law in universal terms; whereas the Executive's task is to apply law in particulars. The difference is one between across-the-board and case-by-case.

Notwithstanding zealots' arguments to the contrary, the policy choice does not hinge on degrees of repugnance for violations of human rights. The test of this country's devotion to human rights is simple. Of the other countries in the world with respectable records on human rights, virtually all are aligned with the United States as allies, and the rest are friendly neutrals. The adversary side, in contrast, is a concatenation of countries with execrable records. In international politics, then, this country is on the side of human rights—even though some countries counted as friends have imperfect records.

A remaining question is whether valid distinctions can be made among countries subject to reproach. We think so. This country's own domestic record on human rights was—to put it mildly—reproachable in slavery times and in the periods, namely the Revolution and the Civil War, when the whole nature of the government was up for grabs. With that modest recollection in mind, we can bear a little patience for beset countries having trouble overcoming their histories but still projecting no menace to their neighbors. We are not inclined to lump them in the same category as regimes systematically intent on coercing their peoples in service to sweeping designs of aggression.

One's policy choice hinges on whether the aim is to do good—or to look good and feel good. Jimmy Carter probably felt good and undoubtedly appealed to zealots' imaginations with his hyperbolic expressions about "our absolute commitment to human rights." In practice, of course, his approach was not absolute but highly selective—temporizing with adversaries, bearing down hard on transgressing friends.

Dr. Lefever's argument to his uncomprehending critics candidly disavowed absoluteness and avowed being selective in a contrasting way. The difference needs more ventilation than was provided in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's deliberations.

Baby Benjamin

When Dr. Spock gets really mad
He chews up his prescription pad,
Pours ketchup on his honeydew,
And holds his breath till he turns blue.
Last week I watched him kick and fume
'Cause food stamps might faw down go boom.

W. H. von Dreele

A Tale of Two Journalists

Two Latin American journalists have recently emerged from prison and come to America, to talk about their confinements and to testify against the governments which held them. They are, of course, Jacobo Timerman and Ernesto de la Fe. *Ernesto who?*

De la Fe, admittedly, has been less in the limelight than Timerman, since he has been in prison longer—about twenty years longer. On February 4, 1959, three soldiers, acting under direct orders from Che Guevara, broke into de la Fe's Havana office, ransacked his files, burned what they didn't steal, and arrested him. Castro's press secretary branded de la Fe "a Fascist, a traitor, and a skunk"; Castro called him "the Goebbels of Cuba." Scrubbed down, Castro's real grudge against him was anti-Communism. De la Fe welcomed Fulgencio Batista's coup in 1952, and served for two years as Batista's Minister of Information. In 1954, fed up with his employer's corruption and cruelty, he resigned. For two years thereafter, he blasted Batista in the Cuban press for vote fraud, tax evasion, gangland-style political rub-outs, and incompetence in meeting the Communist threat. From 1956 to 1959, Batista ordered Cuban newspapers not to run him. (A small story in the *New York Times* nevertheless identifies de la Fe as a "freed ex-Batista official." Rather like identifying Solzhenitsyn as a "freed ex-Soviet artillery captain.") De la Fe's arrest was a benchmark, one of the earliest indications of which way the Castro regime would go ("De la Fe," wrote John Leonard in *NR*, June 6, 1959, "is the first clear test of the degree of Castro's reliance on the Communists"). De la Fe stayed in jail, at hard labor. We all know which way Castro went.

A story, one would think, of considerable interest (even irony—it so happens that, in 1948, the young Fidel Castro was given a night's refuge from a pursuing racketeer in the home of—yes—Ernesto de la Fe). Good, like Timerman's story, for ten minutes of prime time, or at least a few paragraphs in *The New Yorker*. But down the memory hole it goes, along with the murdered missionaries. No, not the four American nuns whose assassination has been immortalized in a hundred marches ("U.S. Guns / Kill U.S. Nuns"), but

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the dozens of missionaries slain by the forces of Mr. Robert Mugabe before he was promoted from terrorist to Prime Minister of Zimbabwe. (No marches for them; no chants of "Commie Beasts / Kill U.S. Priests").

Is it possible that one more distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes, overlooked by Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her critics, is that American moralizers resolutely ignore the victims of the latter?

Barbara Ward, R I P

"Not truly a scholar, she was more than a journalist," one obituary aptly said of Barbara Ward, dead at 67. Never mind that her books—more than a dozen of them come to memory—and magazine pieces tended to sound like rewrites of one another and that she was better at urging goals than at expounding how to reach them. She wrote with style and conviction. She was best of all at captivating an audience, whether of one or a thousand. Her stock of ideas had to do with improving humanity's lot, especially Third World economic development. They inspired the Pearson Commission and the Brandt Commission and the UN General Assembly's so-called Group of 77 to schemes for wholesale capital transfers around the globe, and LBJ to broach his Great Society. Few can be said ever to have written letters to Santa Claus of such scope and distinction of style. No one would begrudge her the multiple honors, including a British peerage, gleaned in a busy life as a prodigious articulator of hope and progress.

Notes & Asides

■ PLEASE SEND ME MATERIAL CONCERNING THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT ALONG WITH A LETTER DESCRIBING YOUR CURRENT PHILOSOPHY

FRANK GREENBERG
P O BOX 424
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FRANK GREENBERG
LAGUNITAS CALIF
REGRET POSTAL SERVICE TOO SLOW TO TRANSMIT CURRENT PHILOSOPHIES REGARDS WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Like you, I was impressed with Herr von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's meticulous copy-reading of your new novel. Would that every publishing house had such a jewel on its staff!

May we venture a counter-pick? Unless Spain is not part of "the Continent" (as some Europeans may yet believe), the English address "Sir" has a very close equivalent in "Señor." The Italians and the Portuguese, and for all I know any non-Communist Rumanians, use a parallel form. And in South Africa "Mynheer" is used just as is "Sir" in English military parlance, so I suspect that this may be true of Dutch.

Anyone else want to play?

Cordially,
Jeff Cooper
Paulden, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Do not despair, even Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn can be wrong: the word *avtokrator* does not exist in Russian . . . The correct form is *avtocrat* (from autocracy). *Imperator* (emperor), *gubernator* (governor) would be correct, but *avtokrator* is definitely wrong.

Sincerely,
Tamara Vassiliev
Great Neck, N.Y.

P.S.: A soldier in the Imperial Army addressed an officer with *vashe blagorod'e* (equivalent in German *wohlgeboren*).

■ Memo to: Everyone
From: WFB
Re: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Mr. Leddihn will come to America in mid-October, remaining until mid-December. It will be his thirtieth annual lecture tour. If you have heard Dr. Leddihn, you will wish to hear him again. If you have not heard him, you have been denied the biggest cultural sleigh-ride in the circuit. For details address him directly. His address: Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Ordinarily lapses of memory are uninteresting or regrettable; however, Mr. Larry Goldberg, who has painlessly and gracefully corrected a misquotation of the Pericles of Thucydides made by me in a prior letter to *NR*, thus transforms my simple mistake into an hypothesis to be discussed ("Notes & Asides," March 20). Mr. Goldberg uses my error as an invitation to consider the sense in which the love of wisdom and the love of the beautiful are the same and how they each may soften the soul, therefore endangering the political community. In raising this question he explicates what I had only implicitly suggested. Let me push the question still further to show its importance

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"I know you're in there somewhere, Senator Percy."

for us today; perhaps Mr. Goldberg, yourself, or other readers may wish to comment.

Thucydides makes Pericles suggest that Athens philosophizes. For reasons that will be discussed, it is extremely difficult for us to hear that statement as we should. The statement is shocking; it is radical; it is dangerous; it is impious. All of the listeners present were aware that all political communities hitherto had been founded on "our own" laws and, above all, "our own" gods; it would be utter folly for a political community to transcend the distinction between "us" and "them," to abandon the ancestral and divine that is "ours" in search of what is the same always and everywhere and neither "ours" nor "theirs," i.e., wisdom. The appearance of philosophy and its public profession thus constitute a grave challenge to the political community as such. In approving the philosophizing of Athens, Pericles approves an attempt to transform a part into the whole, to reconcile the conflict of political community and philosophy. Is such a thing possible?

We Americans find it difficult to see the existence of such a question as this, let alone its importance. This is because our own founding goes as far as or further than did Pericles. The basis of the American regime is a set of rights grounded in "nature and . . . nature's God." Nature is precisely that which is the same always and everywhere; nature is the domain of the philosophers. The United States then is the first regime in the history of the world constituted from the beginning philosophically. (Athens was not founded by Pericles.) Just as Pericles spoke of philosophy in a memorial for dead Athenian warriors, so America's greatest statesman eulogized our own fallen soldiers by praising their sacrifice on behalf of a nation "dedicated to [a] proposition," that is, a provable universal assertion.

Our American life is a daily course "testing whether that nation or any nation . . . so dedicated can long endure"; one must prove the truth of a proposition. To return to the point of departure for Mr. Goldberg's and my remarks, I would maintain that the genuine liberal education of St. John's College provides the best education for Americans. For only if we recognize the alternatives to our national proposition do we see it as a proposition and hence in need of a proof; only if we recognize that need can we in turn truly prove our proposition.

Douglas K. Mayer
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On his recent visit to New York, I was present when President Reagan returned to the Waldorf from one of his visits in the city. A small group of spectators was being held in check as he alighted from his car. One of the group, a precocious young boy of about 13, sang out as the President emerged: "Will you sign my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW?" The President turned toward him, smiled, and beckoned the youth toward him as security guards blanched. The youngster ran over to him and received his autograph, a presidential handshake, and, undoubtedly, the thrill of his young lifetime.

My question is this: Was the President responding to his youthful appeal or to his obviously advanced reading habits?

Sincerely,
Joseph Schutta
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Schutta: Any 13-year-old who reads *NR* is *eo ipso* appealing. Cordially,

—WFB

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As you probably know . . .

Bill Buckley has been writing a series of spy thrillers that have become bestsellers. *Who's on First* is the one you will find selling in bookstores right now (a new one is coming up soon!). All chronicle the daring (and *brainy*, of course!) adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent. One of his best and most intriguing assignments occurred in *Stained Glass*, a book now rather hard to come by.

But we happen to have a number of copies of *Stained Glass* in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95) and if you don't yet have any of these exciting books (or not *this* one) here is a great opportunity to get your own copy.

Right now we are offering a hardcover copy of *Stained Glass* FREE and postpaid to you if you'll do us the favor of subscribing to *National Review* magazine (or renewing your present subscription, no matter when it expires) for the full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $24 rate. That's right: you get this $8.95 book absolutely FREE if you take advantage of this offer *now*!

Stained Glass, by the way, is winner of an American Book Award, and the perfect example of *why* these Blackford Oakes novels have won such critical acclaim. They're much *more* than mere thrillers (only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements, marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels!). This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

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The Current WISDOM

'And One More Thing . . .'

NEAL B. FREEMAN

LET'S SEE NOW. The opposition to a serious, Kemp-Roth-size tax cut is beginning to form up. There's Herbert Stein, who has always placed his emphasis elsewhere. There's ambassador-designate Arthur Burns, who wishes to focus Administration attention on inflation. There's Alan Greenspan, who keeps bumping up the numbers for the projected deficit. There's Pierre Rinfret, who's predicting a falling sky by 1983 at the latest. And there's even Michael Evans, customarily an incubator of supply-side organisms, who is beginning to voice second thoughts about the 10-10-10 program. Right there in that august group you have—what? —80 per cent of the GOP's economic wisdom. All of which confirms our long-standing suspicion that the supply-side mole in the White House is none other than Ronald Reagan.

► The New Me-Tooism stalks the Great Lady of 15th Street. Allen (*Perjury*) Weinstein, the Smith College scholar who pried Alger Hiss's fingers from the frame-up theory, has joined the editorial board of the *Washington Post*.

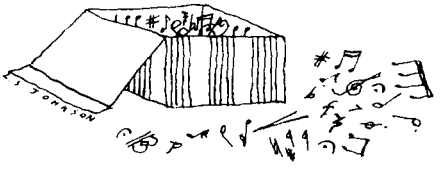
► *Memo to George Bush.* It will not shock you, presumably, to learn that your press secretary, Pete Teeley, has been spreading word of your robust showing in national polls. But it shocks some other folks. For a gentleman in your position, sir, serving as you do a President still recovering from a near-miss assassination attempt, the more becoming course would be for you to permit the press to dig out on its own evidence of your broad public support. Respectfully submitted . . .

► It's only June but we're prepared to hand over the PR Hustle of the Year award to the folks who brought us Jacobo Timerman. Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a man who ought to know better, introduced the Argentine journalist with a melodramatic flourish at the confirmation hearing of human-rights designee Ernest Lefever. Timerman uttered not a word, but Percy's gesture carried with it the impact of fulsome endorsement. Together with an undeserved swipe at Lefever. Not fair, Mr. Chairman.

► We don't usually run classified ads, but this one is special. The best speechwriting job of all time is now available. The President of the United States, the finest oratorical instrument in the land, is looking for a chief speechwriter. Good pay, pleasant surroundings, excellent psychic fringes. Our own candidate is Anthony Dolan.

► *Memo to NBC News.* Your reporters, when covering abortion battles, identify the belligerents, respectively, as "anti-abortionists" and "women's-rights groups." This formulation is rhetorically asymmetrical and should be corrected by employing one of the following alternatives: 1) anti-abortionists and pro-abortionists; 2) women's-rights groups and children's-rights groups; or 3) (yielding to the preferred self-designations) pro-life and pro-choice groups. It's time for editors to invoke the stop-and-frisk law against reporters carrying concealed ideological weapons.

► Heard about the "catch-up raise" due federal employees this fall? A neat piece of semantic smuggling, in our opinion. Government pay scales are based on "comparability," the notion that public employees should receive the same pay as private employees performing the same jobs. That notion may be rhetorically defensible—if you reckon the value of the bureaucrat's job security, superior retirement plan, and immunity to productivity standards as nil—but it is philosophically deranged. Our only hope of controlling the size of government is to restrain public payroll costs.



► An afterword about the New Draconian Age. Draco would hardly recognize it. In FY 1980 the Federal Government spent $579.6 billion. This year spending will hit $655.2 billion. For '82, the Congressional Budget Office, not known for its draconian projections, estimates that Gramm-Latta will run $710.05 billion. If we're already cutting bone, all that fat must have been imaginary.

► And another personnel note from the *Post*. Karen DeYoung, the reporter who perceived the redeeming virtues of the Sandinistas while the rest of us were too, too blind, has been named Foreign Editor. It's nice to see young women getting ahead at the *Post*.

► If you missed the roast for Lyn Nofziger here—and Lord knows, lots of people did—then you missed these one-liners. From Stan Evans: "Lyn had such a negative personality as a child that his parents had to wrap him in pork chops to make the dog play with him." From Tip O'Neill by way of Representative Robert Dornan: "Whenever I see Lyn Nofziger in the White House, it reminds me of the little boat in the bottle. You keep wondering, how did he get in there?" And from Senate Finance Committee Chairman Bob Dole: "I want to thank Lyn personally for his strategy on Social Security. As a matter of fact, Lyn may be one of the early retirees."

► Alexander Haig has still another problem, due out in hardcover sometime in spring 1982. A biography, as yet untitled and emphatically unauthorized, will be published by Coward-McCann & Geoghegan. The author? Garry Wills. Says Wills of his, er, subject: "[Haig's] career is a good way of looking at the last twenty years and will very much be a book about politics." At last. A book about *both* Vietnam and Watergate. □

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The New France

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE OLD DEBATE about nationalism versus ideology acquires a fresh urgency with the election of François Mitterrand as President of the Fifth Republic. The first holder of that high office, the great General de Gaulle, had a blind spot about ideology.

He saw history primarily in terms of national needs, aspirations, and ambitions, and of the biographies of men of destiny (himself included) who translated such notions into action. He had collaborated with the French Communists (legitimately, in a wartime context) in resistance to the Nazi invaders. Later he bitterly denounced them during the years of his Rassemblement du Peuple Français, not because they were Communists but because he saw them, rightly, as "separatists," whose allegiance was primarily to Russia, not to France.

I am sure that President Mitterrand is, ideologically speaking, more literate than his illustrious predecessor. In other words, if circumstances force him to work with the Communists (without whose support, in fact, he will find it impossible to govern), he will do so in full awareness of what he is doing and the risks he will be running.

An Anti-Communist?

The last generation of French Socialist leaders—men like Guy Mollet and Jules Moch—were determinedly anti-Communist, the first as Premier and the second as a particularly strong Minister of the Interior, both under the Fourth Republic (which saw Mitterrand go in and out of office as part of the political landscape of that infuriating period). Another outstanding leader of the French Left, Pierre Mendès-France, contemptuously refused Communist votes when he was Premier.

In case anybody has forgotten, these two—Mendès-France and Mitterrand—made a curious joint bid for power in the anarchic days of rioting in Paris in the spring of 1968. Nothing of course came of it since the General returned from a mysterious trip to the French forces in Germany to sweep away the rowdies and return to power, for a time.

The point is: Mendès-France ruled out Communist support, but Mitterrand has no such compunction. He was happy to join with the Communists in a Common Program in 1974, and when the split came, it was they who ditched him, not vice versa.

I have been amazed by the facile and superficial nature of most press comments on Mitterrand's election victory. He has been presented as a determined anti-Communist and a staunch proponent of a strong anti-Soviet stance. Such sweeping generalities are seriously misleading.

Point One: François Mitterrand is a typical politician of the Fourth Republic. If opportunism dictates a "popular front," he will be for it; if not, he will oppose it. Current circumstances make one inevitable anyway.

Point Two: This "determined anti-Communist" and "anti-Soviet hard-liner" has in fact a long and little-known background of personal pro-Communist initiatives. He did denounce the invasion of Afghanistan, but in his television confrontation with the outgoing President Giscard d'Estaing, he was careful in his evenhanded disapproval of Soviet behavior in Afghanistan and American behavior in El Salvador.

Back in the spring of 1973, when Mitterrand saw his road to power as achievable only hand-in-hand with the Communists, he flew to Rome to give his personal backing to an initiative of the Italian and French Communist leaders, Enrico Berlinguer and Georges Marchais, for international cooperation between European Socialists and Social Democrats. Later he influenced Bruno Kreisky of Austria and Olof Palme of Sweden to go along.

Some weeks after the Portuguese revolution of April 1974, Mitterrand was in Lisbon publicly urging the Socialists under Mario Soares to form an alliance with the Communists under the unconditional Moscow-line leader, Alvaro Cunhal. Did he, on such occasions, ask himself the right questions about the effect of such alliances, if lasting, upon the future of NATO?

There are, of course, complications about being different things to different men, and personalities do count. For valid reasons, apart from biochemistry and empathy, a solid friendship developed between the Social Democratic Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and the moderately conservative Giscard d'Estaing. It remains to be seen whether Mitterrand and Schmidt, nominally on the same side of the political fence, will become equally cozy. And we do not yet know how Margaret Thatcher and François Mitterrand will get on. Ideologically (if Mitterrand does have an ideology), they are poles apart, and Mitterrand can hardly be classed as an Anglophile.

Watch Out, NATO

The Reagan-Mitterrand relationship is going to be fascinating to behold. Will the wise and mellow President of the United States get on with the French intellectual, with his penchant for the history of Renaissance Italy, bearing in mind that he was also carried away by enthusiasm for Allende's Chile?

Alas, I cannot help seeing the advent of Mitterrand as a major reverse for the West in the Third World War. Leaving aside the probability that France will find itself at the end of his term more than halfway along the road toward a rigidly socialist economy, with all that is implied politically and socially, the effects on the alliance cannot be good.

Giscard, the dissident Gaullist, maintained and strengthened France's already formidable independent deterrent, gave his country the capability of making an enhanced radiation warhead (all right, if you must, a "neutron bomb"), and was quick to intervene in defense of French and Western interests in Africa. It is hard to see Mitterrand pursuing the same policy, as the pressures upon him multiply.

One of the complications, on the other hand, is going to be the new President's attitude toward Israel. The PLO's antennae tell the Palestinians that his commitment to the Israeli cause is such that he cannot be anything but hostile to their own. This could be a fortuitous plus for the Reagan Administration's Middle East policy; but it is a small plus in a sea of minuses. □

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LETTER FROM EL SALVADOR

The young officers who succeeded General Romero are behaving the way the State Department believes Latin American rulers should behave. Why, then, has El Salvador's terrorism intensified?

Why the Left Hates Moderation

ROBERT PETER

WHAT IS El Salvador? It is, you may have heard, a country in which fascist hordes led by the abominable President José Napoleón Duarte, egged on by the reactionary Ronald Reagan, suppress noble fighters for freedom and democracy. This is the explanation given out in Europe and by some circles in the U.S. to all who would like to believe it.

It is true that the Carter Administration at one point cut military aid to El Salvador—touching off January's leftist "final offensive," which flopped—but one of Carter's last acts was to renew help for the Junta, because the U.S. has no other choice. The Reagan Administration is well aware of this. It is ridiculous to say, as many do, that what happens in El Salvador isn't Washington's business. It is of the greatest importance to all of Central America, and therefore to the United States.

El Salvador has been fertile soil for unrest for a long time. Packed into its very small land area (less than eight thousand square miles) is a population of 4.5 million, many of whom have spilled over into less densely populated Honduras, causing tensions which erupted into open hostility in 1969 in the so-called "soccer war." Ten per cent of El Salvador's people own four-fifths of the land, some 50 per cent are underemployed, and 20 per cent have no work at all. Before the 1979 putsch, which led to the installation of the current junta, a laborer got a dollar a day for picking cotton, $2.25 for working on the coffee plantations—and that, only during the season; once the harvest was over, these people were on their own. The population grows at a rate of 3.3 per cent per year. A succession of military governments, on the best of terms with the big landowners, did little to improve the situation.

In 1972, José Napoleón Duarte, a civilian and head of the Christian Democratic Party, was elected president; he had as his coalition partner a Social Democrat, Dr. Guillermo Manuel Ungo. The coalition was short-lived. Duarte was very quickly arrested, tortured, and sent abroad to exile in Venezuela, and the military took over the country.

Laying the Groundwork

In due course, the *guerrilleros* got to work. Between June and October of 1979 five hundred people were killed in El Salvador. That October, President General Carlos Humberto Romero was sent into exile by a group of young officers, led by Colonels Jaime Abdul Gutierrez and Adolfo Arnoldo Majando. That did not stop the *guerrilleros*. Instead of slackening off, the killing increased sharply after the dictatorial Romero government was overthrown. In 1980, eight thousand Salvadorans were killed, even though promised reforms were being carried out. Why this escalation in violence?

It was apparent that President Somoza was losing his battle in neighboring Nicaragua, and El Salvador was now being prepared for the next assault by Marxist forces. In addition, General Romero was a dictator who knew how to act ruthlessly against his opponents, but the young officers who succeeded him to power have taken a moderate line. They brought civilians into the government, embarked on a program of social reforms, and promised free elections. In short, they are behaving the way the State Department believes Latin American rulers should behave. And this is precisely why the terrorism has reached new heights.

When Romero was booted out, the government which took over included a number of leftist groups. In the typical Latin American scenario, getting a foot in the door this way is all the leftists need. For starters, they are better trained politically than moderates, they can count on help from abroad, and, knowing where they want to go and what tactics to use to get there, they do not as a rule find it difficult to become the leading element in any ruling coalition—one reason why the Left favors united fronts. Either the coalition government falls under the domination of its leftist members, or it gets into trouble, and the Left then holds itself up as the only force that can find a solution for the difficulties at hand.

In El Salvador things didn't go this way. The young officers started implementing, on their own, social reforms the Left had been demanding for a long time—most importantly, a draconian land reform program. The new land reform law was proclaimed on March 6, 1980—just six months after the young officers took over—and government teams started moving in on big landowners that same day. The first phase of the plan was to expropriate all estates of more than 1,200 acres. There were 376 such estates, the largest hacienda, La Carrera, having 7,400 acres and belonging to Juan Wright, a man who had been close to all military gov-

Mr. Peter, a businessman, has spent the last twenty years in Latin America.

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ernments prior to the present Junta. Owners of estates of between 250 and 1,200 acres were ordered to sell their property (they were not permitted to subdivide it themselves for other uses). Smaller farms did not figure in the reform law. The banks have also been nationalized, with 20 per cent of the shares going to employees, 25 per cent made available to the public, and the state guaranteeing all deposits. This law does not include foreign banks.

The Junta proposed these reforms and started carrying them out, stealing the thunder of the leftist members of the coalition, who soon resigned from the government and went to war—in earnest—to bring it down. As in Chile a decade before, the Left is less interested in the solutions than in who brings them to fruition. What they want is power.

Right Bill, Wrong Sponsor

When Salvador Allende was a Chilean senator, he and his party demanded land reforms. When the Christian Democratic President, Eduardo Frei, sent parliament a bill containing exactly what Allende had called for, Allende voted against it. He offered a number of reasons, but never the real one, which was that it was his political adversary, not himself, who was author of the bill. Therefore it "wasn't the right thing," it "wasn't what we wanted," and so on. The same thing happened in El Salvador. So long as the country had a dictator things went relatively well: you could blame him for everything, you could rail against the rich and mighty, insist that their land be given to the poor families that worked it, and explain to the people that only a revolution could save them.

What a blow to the Left when a moderate regime succeeded the dictator and put into place a radical program, without going through revolution and violence! If it succeeded, what then would be left for the extremists? So the Salvadoran land reform became "an empty show," a foul trick to cheat the people, an act inspired by Yankee imperialists, "*una farsa*" that wouldn't change anything. The government had to be brought down by revolution, and that meant killings, kidnappings, extortions—a campaign of terror to destabilize the new government before it had a chance to carry through its programs. And this is why leftist violence has become fiercer under a moderate government dedicated to establishing democracy and freedom than under the military dictatorship.

El Salvador is plagued also by a counter-terrorism whose methods are every bit as vicious as those of the Left terrorists. Counter-terror in El Salvador is very strong, allegedly financed by rich exiles in the U.S., and helped by the hard-liners among the military who don't like the idea of free elections and reforms. Death squads roam the countryside, torturing and killing people, and police and soldiers are accused of having joined in the atrocities. The population has suffered terribly. Thousands have left their homes for fear of being killed by one or the other group. The leftists have not succeeded in winning over the masses, but neither have the counter-terrorists.

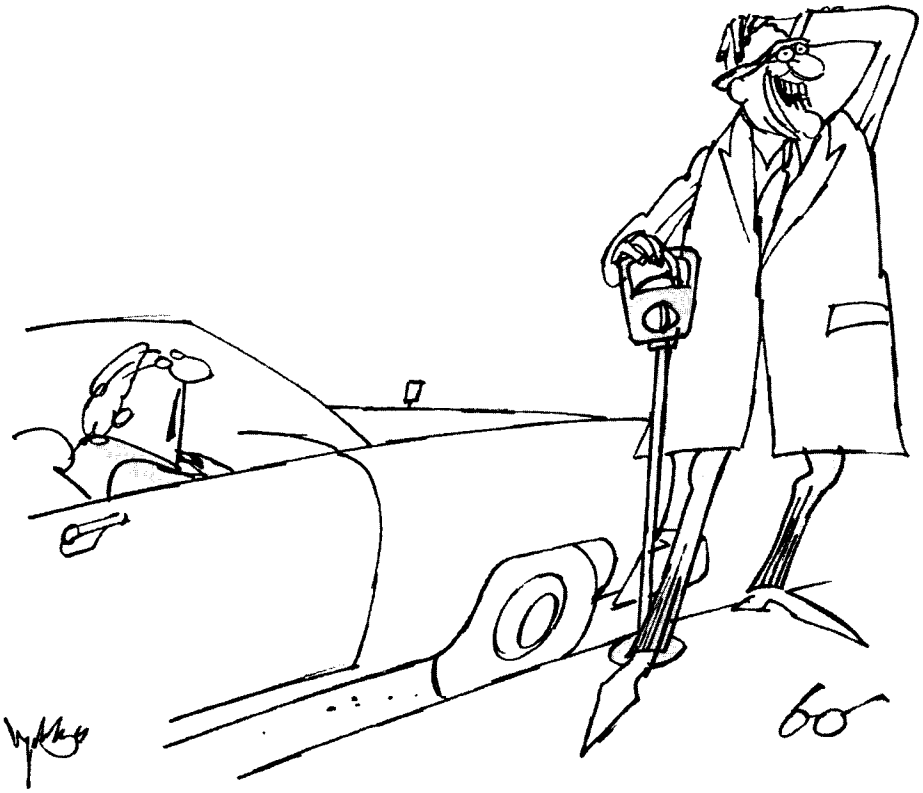
In the center of this chaos, the Junta tries to establish something like order. Duarte claims to be more worried about the possibility of a coup by military hard-liners than about the armed insurrectionists. He has to fight a two-pronged battle. He does not want U.S. troops—this would harm him politically—but he does want military hardware, helicopters, and economic aid, something between $200 and $300 million. The Church admonishes the government to stop the repression—but doesn't say how this can be achieved unilaterally.

Failed Offensive

Duarte has made it clear that he would prefer a political solution to a military one, and that is what everybody in the United States and Europe advises him to find. The Junta offered amnesty to all who would put down their arms and work for peace. About three thousand people availed themselves of this offer, but most of these were not terrorists, just people who were afraid and had armed for self-protection. The terrorists at first refused, but more recently they have spoken occasionally of a political solution, an indication that they are less sure of a military victory than they once were. Their "final offensive" failed: their call for a general strike fizzled, and the people did not rise to their support. But they still hold strong positions, especially in the province of Morazán.

Dr. Guillermo Manuel Ungo, Duarte's

(Continues on page 738)



"So you found a meter with two hours on it—don't get carried away."

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JOSEPH SOBRAN

The Party Of Compassion

I SHALL NEVER forget the last time I saw Tip. In person, I mean.

It was on a chilly December evening, a few weeks after the 1980 election. I was in Washington, in a taxi, with three friends, rolling merrily from the bar of a posh hotel to dinner at a ritzy men's club. Far be it from me to drop the names of the hotel, the club, or the friends. But little did I expect the evening's most memorable moment to occur en route.

As our cab paused at a stoplight, an enormous black brooding limousine drew magnificently up beside us. The passenger, puffing a cigar half the length of the vehicle itself, was none other than the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives: Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill Jr.

We joked and tittered, and when he glared over at us we waved cheerily. His response was seigneurial: he removed the cigar no more than an inch from his mouth, nodded a dignified nod that I would put at no more than two centimeters, and, without altering his baleful expression or accelerating his dignified rhythm, reinserted the cigar between his lips. The light changed, and the enormous limousine glided away into the night.

What was most impressive to us, giddy as we were, was the *economy* of the gesture. It was the nod of a powerful man—the nod of one who knows the leverage of his nods. It implied somehow that His Speakership could spare only so much, for four chance strangers of the evening, out of that great reservoir of energy which, during daylight hours, impelled him to bestow more material kindnesses on millions. Tip, after all, has been, in his own words, "one of the big spenders of all time."

But big spenders have fallen abruptly out of fashion. As of those 1980 elections, it has become, to use his words again, "a new ball game."

At first Tip seemed to accept the change like the pro he is. After Ronald Reagan, newly risen from his wounding, powerfully addressed the two Houses of Congress and millions of TV viewers on the necessity of cutting federal spending, Tip sounded resigned, saying such things as that Reagan had the votes and that Tip O'Neill had been in politics long enough to know when you fought and when you didn't. This kind of talk from the ancient Big Spender sounded definitive—the all but official finis to an era of unbridled profligacy.

But it didn't sit at all well with junior Big Spenders, who felt—and said loudly—that Tip was betraying their cause. Their general was publicly predicting victory for the enemy on the eve of battle. It was as if Churchill had gone on the radio to tell the English people he didn't see any way to stop the Jerries from overrunning the British Isles.

So Tip O'Neill, the legendarily tough old Irish pol, was forced once more to squeeze into his moral corset, the uniform of the Democratic troops, and denounce the Reagan budget as "a brutal change in the system," and so forth. That was more in keeping with the dogged insistence of such as Edward Kennedy that the Democrats are, and must ever remain, "the party of compassion." The end may be near, the cause discredited, defeat all but assured; yet until Reagan's victory is final, the corpulent old avatars of compassion must continue to take the field, uttering the familiar war whoops.

As it happens, the war is far from lost. Reagan himself has stressed that even his proposed budget will only slow the increase in federal spending, not reduce it. And Reagan, unlike his feisty budget director David Stockman, shows no disposition to risk his nice-guy image in a real showdown on the philosophical issue of "entitlements"—the claims of some people to wealth produced by others, through the agency of government.

The Democrats will continue to command the heights in this war as long as they can characterize government redistribution as "compassion," and the opponents thereof as "brutal." When even a tough old codger like Tip O'Neill can assume indignation, without drawing horse laughs, on behalf of those who would be "hurt" by the Reagan-Stockman "axe" (the bloody instrument has appeared on the covers of newsmagazines and in countless headlines, editorials, and

Mr. Sobran, a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, *is a syndicated columnist, a commentator on CBS's* Spectrum, *and a big tipper, as Washington taxi-drivers will attest.*

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cartoons), the Administration will be at least partly on the defensive. Under the circumstances, it doesn't help much to point out (however truly) that the effects of government spending are themselves brutal. As things now stand, our political culture accepts government redistribution as the reification of compassion, and spending cuts, say what you will, as *mean*. Axe imagery still prevails.

Actually the phrase "government redistribution" is redundant. You can't "redistribute" your own wealth; you can only give it away. And private-sector "redistribution" of other people's money is called robbery. At the level of principle, the Reagan Administration has yet to pose the question Frédéric Bastiat put so forcefully: How can it be right for a government to do what it is *inherently* wrong for individuals to do? And at the level of political rhetoric, it apparently has yet to ask even itself: How is it that a cigar-chomping operator like Tip O'Neill manages to retain more moral plausibility than, say, the late Richard Daley, whom he so strongly resembles?

A practical answer lies in the mechanism of redistribution. Much of the nation's wealth is in liquid form and, thanks to the withholding tax, can be intercepted before it ever reaches those who have earned it. Moreover, the Federal Government, controlling as it does the nation's money supply, can "monetize" its debts. This—printing money—is held to be an actual stimulus to the economy, in which case counterfeiting ought to be recognized as a public service.

As a result of these practices, most people feel the effects of federal spending policies only indirectly. And even when they do feel them, they do so confusedly. Few hold it personally against the Big Spender with the big cigar in the big limousine. It's doubtful that it occurs even to Tip's chauffeur to blame his boss for the missing chunk of his weekly paycheck.

It would be otherwise if, say, government agents were forced to march onto your farm periodically and carry off a cow and a sheep to implement their policies. In that case *everyone* would take it personally. For this reason the financier and economist Lewis Lehrman would like to see the withholding tax abolished, and taxpayers sent itemized bills from their government. There were front-page whispers, last fall, that Lehrman was in the running for Secretary of the Treasury. If Tip O'Neill thinks Reagan and *Stockman* are brutal . . . !

But back to our questions. Beyond the redistributive mechanisms lies a legitimizing principle. It seems safe enough to say that Tip O'Neill, whatever his virtues, has no personal moral charisma; had he remained, inconceivably, in the private sector, nobody would have mistaken him for a Ralph Nader or a Martin Luther King. Philanthropy? "I've always taken care of my friends," he has said—implying a style of largesse that doesn't quite smack of universal humanitarianism, though perhaps of a rough-and-ready good nature—setting aside, again, the question whose money he takes care of them *with*.

But he can invoke "compassion," and his credentials pass unchallenged. After all, *anyone* can invoke compassion nowadays; it's the magic word. And that's the whole point.

Let's face it. There was much less canting about compassion back in the days when you had to put your own money, rather than the taxpayer's, where your mouth was. But today that virtue has found an easy formal identification with—well, Big Spenders.

That identification is wholeheartedly sustained by the press. For all its talk about a critical or "adversary" relationship to political power, the major media have been as docile as Tip's compassionate heart could wish about the putative connection between humankindness and redistribution. The media will dispatch teams of investigative reporters to challenge the word of an Administration figure on minute details of behind-the-scenes transactions; but they have simply taken the word of Big Spenders for decades that Big Spending enhances the human condition.

As the late Adolf Hitler liked to point out, big lies work better than little lies. This is true in non-Hitlerian senses: little lies can be checked out by mere observation, while big lies can be written off to differences in metaphysical theory rather than to mere mendacity.

Hence, when conservatives have charged that liberal programs were wrong or just plain fraudulent, the charges could be laid to "ideology." But it has consistently been the conservative, not the liberal, philosophy which the press has chosen to dismiss in this way: during the early stages of the budget debate the usually reliable *Washington Post* featured front-page stories about victims of—that is to say, people who would be "hurt" by—Reagan's budget cuts. In short, the usually reliable *Post* and other major media took as indisputable, as mere *fact*, the proposition that to reduce the level of redistribution would be to inflict *harm* on those who have come to expect federal support.

Every regime lays claim to a legitimizing principle, a mission, a mandate of some kind. Theocracies invoke the will of God. Democracies, the will of the people. Marxists, the historical dialectic. For liberalism, as Kenneth Minogue puts it

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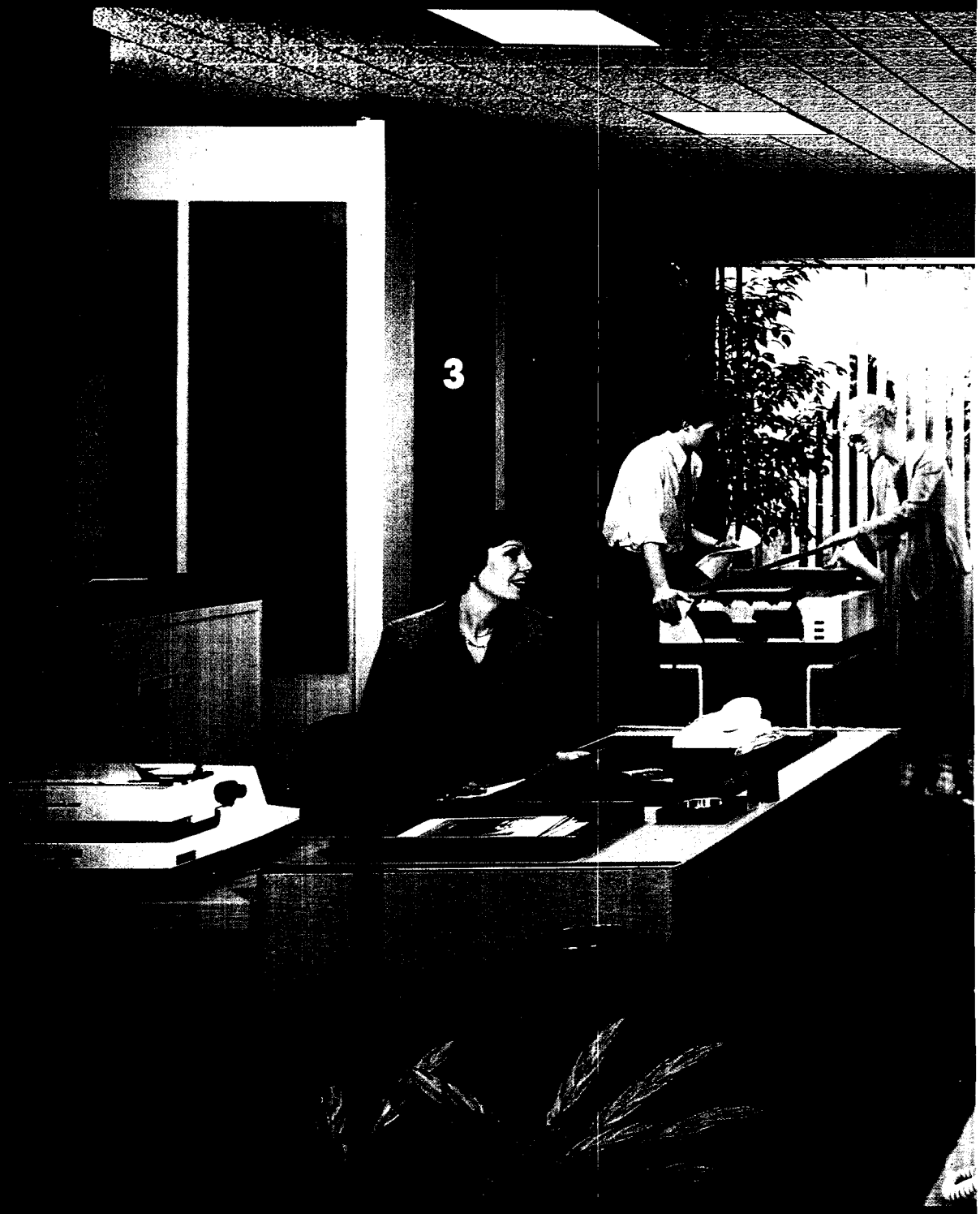

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in *The Liberal Mind*, the mission of government derives from "suffering situations." Just as the socialist state claims to represent the workers, the liberal state represents . . . the Victims.

Suffering and victimhood can be variously defined—and are. Probably 80 per cent of the American people now qualify as victims under liberal ideology. Women alone account for 51 per cent. Add black people—even allowing for the fact that half of them are already covered *qua* women—and you approach 60 per cent. Then there are other ethnic minorities—Hispanic, Oriental, American Indian—and handicapped people and old people and homosexuals and abused children and all the poor people who happen to have eluded all the other victim categories . . . well, it adds up. Even criminals enjoyed a vogue as victims, though liberals have had to soft-pedal this theme lately.

The pivotal proposition for the liberal regime is that *suffering warrants redistribution*. It is the duty of government, as understood by liberalism, to commandeer (as subtly as possible) the nation's resources for the relief of any statistically significant form of suffering. "Victimology," as Nicholas von Hoffman wittily terms it, goes in for Aggregate Suffering. Obliquely, and without serious challenge from either the press or recent Administrations, liberalism has smuggled into the nation's discourse the presumption that Aggregate Suffering defeats, to some undefined degree, the rights of property and contract. (The Supreme Court, as Bernard Siegan reminds us, has never raised any questions about this philosophically and constitutionally curious notion.)

Consider wife-beating. It is a common evil. There is, however, no constitutional provision for federal succor for battered wives. What of that? Social-workers and feminists rush into print and before the cameras and microphones with studies, surveys, statistics. The dimensions of the problem are projected onto a *national scale*—whereupon the phenomenon becomes a *national problem*—requiring, need one say, a *national program*. (Actually, wife-beating is, by this line of reasoning, an *inter*national problem, worthy of UN attentions.)

When, a few years ago, a brief fuss arose about the hitherto ignored problem of battered *husbands*, von Hoffman exploded. Victimology, he charged, had become a rogue discipline. The discovery of a new victim category, he went on, occasioned as much excitement among professional do-gooders as the sighting of a new star among astronomers.

Too true, Nick! Clearly, a good deal of victimhood is *willed* into existence and defined by semantic and statistical sleight. This can only mean that there exists a large body of people for whom it is advantageous to maximize, world without end, the number of excuses for redistribution. Irving Kristol has dubbed people with this sort of vested interest in state growth "the New Class," and it is interesting to note, as Jeane Kirkpatrick has, that the day has passed when liberals could assume that democracy itself would remedy the problems of the oppressed. Give them the vote, liberals used to say, and the little folks would take care of themselves, and each other.

Today, it so happens, liberals have quietly taken sides against majoritarianism. They prefer to deal with suffering through judicial and bureaucratic edict, rather than through electoral politics and representative government. A review of Joseph Califano's memoir *Governing America* (the reviewer for the usually reliable *Post*'s *Book World* was Arthur Schlesinger) bore the title "Wielding Power for the Powerless"—a bromide, maybe, but with a dark implication: *in a democracy the victims—the 80 per cent?—are effectively* disfranchised, so that the government must serve their interests by side-stepping, if necessary, the will of the majority. Much recent federal policy has been based on the presumption of pervasive, though invisible, evils—like "institutional racism." And training people to *see* themselves as victims has become a specialty in itself—now known as "consciousness-raising," an old Marxist phrase that has been transferred from Marxism's worker-victims to liberalism's more variegated sufferers.

Again: the New Class doesn't just invite the victims to speak. It claims to speak *for* them, not as a revolutionary but as a sort of humanitarian vanguard. The victims' state, unlike the workers' state, isn't revolutionary at all. Part of its legitimation lies in its promise to avert social strife and

Liberals have quietly taken sides against majoritarianism. They prefer to deal with suffering by judicial and bureaucratic edict

bloodshed. (The New Deal saved capitalism, you know.) Liberalism is to Marxism as the good cop to the bad cop in the old station-house third-degree scenario.

Otherwise, though, liberalism buys a lot of the Marxist baggage. Liberals like to talk about "building new societies," though they play down the amount of razing away this involves. The cardinal sin, as the liberal mind sees it, is to leave things as they are. In endorsing John Anderson for President. *The New Republic* enumerated a series of desiderata which included, just by the way, "an active remaking of society along more equitable lines." Go to it, John! Remake society!

That is why Anthony Lewis, in the spring of 1975, could see in the forced march of three million people out of Phnom Penh reason for optimism: the Khmer Rouge were pursuing "a vision of a new society." It also helps explain why Lewis so hotly attacks the Reagan Administration's policy distinction between "authoritarian" and "totalitarian" societies. After all, the distinction implies that authoritarian societies are better, because they at least leave alone the nonpolitical institutions. And liberalism, like Marxism, precisely *refuses* to leave these things alone.

If anything, this fact makes authoritarian societies *worse*, to the liberal's way of thinking. Worse, because traditional institutions—property, family, and religion, to say nothing of country clubs—oppress people. The whole *point* of liberal politics is to remake society. Leaving things in place only perpetuates evil. So the liberal regime, finding victims everywhere, bans father-son banquets. Such is the mission of the New Class.

Nobody, but nobody, has epitomized the New Class better than Califano himself: as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, he claimed personal perks beyond the

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dreams of Tip O'Neill, including a special chef (at $14,000) to fix him lunch on working days. The better, one supposes, to help him wield power for the powerless.

There is obviously a difference in kind between emergency measures to avert starvation and a system that winds up pampering Joe Califano's palate. But the indirection of it all has seriously eroded the basic sense of mine and thine. The Treasury, since the Carter era, has adopted a form of Newspeak under which tax exemptions are "tax expenditures"—i.e., the government is *spending* money when it lets the taxpayer *keep* some. Any proposal to cut federal benefits is treated as a form of robbery committed against recipients, rather than a restoration of wealth to those who have produced it: *The New Republic* has now deplored "huge transfers of wealth from the poor to the rich."

In good sooth, I misspoke. The sense of mine and thine has actually been *reversed*. If you are already receiving federal benefits, any reduction therein actually victimizes you.

It appears that Victimology is in need of its own technical vocabulary. We might speak of at least three orders of victimhood: primary, when a specific act of discrimination or other social harm is committed against you; secondary, when you can claim an entitlement because you share a characteristic (of race or sex, say) with those suffering the primary kind; and tertiary, when an entitlement is withdrawn.

Specialists may want to add yet more refined categories, but as an instance of the tertiary victimhood currently being inflicted by the Reagan Administration one can do no better than to cite a recent issue of *The Village Voice*, that wailing wall of the American Left. There, proposed reductions in federal subsidies to the arts were greeted by the front-page headline "Artists: An Endangered Species." (Subhead: "How Reagan's Budget Cuts Will Cripple the Arts.")

In an eight-page spread, an array of poets, playwrights, painters, and "filmmakers" eloquently found the Administration's unwillingness to renew their subsidies evidence of its more general inhumanity. Poet Stanley Kunitz: "Lack of compassion and indifference to the arts go hand in hand." (*Les pauvres, c'est moi.*) Library of Congress poetry consultant Maxine Kumin: "This is a low blow for the younger poets especially. . . . The gap between the very rich and the very poor widens, while people talk sanctimoniously about balancing the budget. Never mind the budget, we're on the road to Armageddon. I don't think we'll last another fifty years. . . . It's the death of humanism and of letters." Writer Grace Paley: "Since money will be taken from literature and turned into bombs, it will probably kill a lot of writers."

Poeticide, don't you see. Writers—artists—are *victims*. To expect them to make their living from money paid voluntarily is to *kill* them. Or cripple them, at the very least. Samuel Johnson, it is true, admitted that "we who live to please must please to live," but then Dr. Johnson hadn't had his consciousness raised.

Amazing. Simply amazing. The incredibly inflated sense of victimhood manifest in these complaints tells you what the word "victim" has really come to mean, when you get right down to it: it means any poor little ego that feels it is cheated and impoverished by a system of free exchange. None of these artists had the modesty to ask whether they should have been receiving public funds in the first place—funds that might, for all that, have gone to needier people, even under the Regime of the Victims. No, all of them took for granted that any threat to their interests must ipso facto be a threat to the poor.

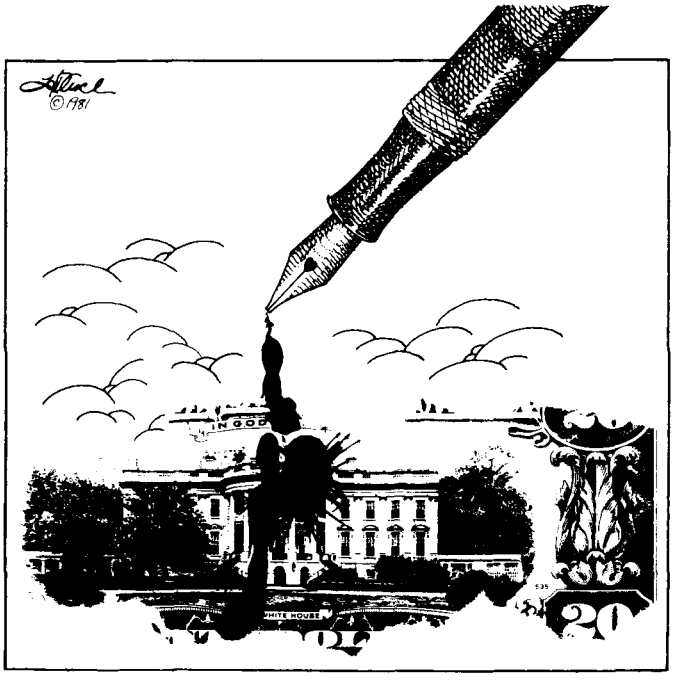
One thing is clear enough: redistributive systems foster egotism, selfishness, and an infantile sense of grievance. Socialists, Marxist or liberal, are just plain *bad sports*. They deem it an intolerable imposition on them to have to convince free fellow citizens of their merits. They are, in a word, uncivil.

Dr. Johnson didn't sound much like George Gilder, but there were certain realities he thought a man ought to accept in a manly way, as "the condition of life." Charity is one thing. Liberalism is another: it encourages people, as we see all too plainly, not to achieve, but to whine, to accuse, to lose all sense of sheer measure. The very idea of able-bodied poets—educated, articulate, you might say favored by society—demanding handouts from a government whose supervision they would violently resent! These are people who no doubt pique themselves on their audacious independence of the powers that be, whom they take it as a sacred duty to criticize . . . but there has *never* been a protest, march, or petition against *one* of those powers: Tip! The Big Spender! Avatar of Compassion! Guardian of the Victims!

Early last fall the usually reliable *Washington Post* announced a startling breakthrough in Victimology. With great fanfare, it presented "Jimmy's World."

But you know the story: "Jimmy," it transpired, didn't exist. The young reporter who had attested to the misery of this eight-year-old heroin addict was shown to have lied, and had to return her Pulitzer, and quit her job.

All very familiar by now. No need to repeat here the main lines of the moralizing about the powers of the press,



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the ethics of anonymous sources, etc. Still, one or two points may have slipped your notice.

In confessing the fraud, the u.r. *Post* reported that the malefactor, Janet Cooke, had admitted that Jimmy was a "composite." For my part, I took this to mean not that there was no such thing as Jimmy, but that there were several such things, which is what "composite" usually implies. But it soon became clear, even to me, that if Jimmy was a "composite," it was not of two or more eight-year-old dope addicts, but of, at best, an eight-year-old *and* a dope addict. Under the circumstances, "composite" was itself a misleading confession. It was as if an alleged hermaphrodite had turned out to be a composite of a man and a woman.

Other transpirations began filtering through. For instance, the decision to give Miss Cooke the Pulitzer had not been made without a hot debate, during which one Pulitzer board member, Roger Wilkins, carried the day. Here testimony diverges. Some accounts had it that Wilkins insisted that he could find "several" Jimmies within a short radius of the Columbia School of Journalism, which is near Harlem. Wilkins himself later wrote that he had said he could find *one* Jimmy thereabouts.

Janet Cooke was going places, not because she was shattering stereotypes but because she was confirming them

But lots of people had doubted that there were *any* Jimmies, anywhere. A poor eight-year-old is in no position to support a heroin habit, however modest. The Washington police had been unable to come up with a single boy resembling Miss Cooke's description, and the street-smarts of cops are not to be lightly dismissed.

What became clear, if you looked at the facts closely, was that a lot of people wanted to believe in Jimmy, the compleat victim. Wilkins, the compleat black pundit, wasn't the only one. Another black pundit, Carl Rowan, only grudgingly conceded Jimmy's non-existence, and that only at the most literal plane: he heatedly wagered, on public TV's *Agronsky and Company*, that there were plenty of *ten-* and *eleven*-year-old dope addicts "out there."

Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Jimmy . . .

As for the u.r. *Post* itself, it brilliantly capitalized on its own disgrace with a kind of self-scoop, charging its ombudsman, Bill Green, to do a full investigative report on itself. Green duly found that the paper had loved Miss Cooke not wisely but too well, encouraging her *modus operandi* in the most supportive possible way.

Nobody was more supportive than the u.r. *Post*'s publisher, Donald Graham. A week after "Jimmy's World" appeared, creating a sensation in Washington, Graham wrote Miss Cooke a telling memo. He praised her as one of those "black reporters who try to see life through their own eyes instead of seeing it the way they're told they should."

How did he *think* they're told they should? Did he really suppose black reporters are hired to tell the world that blacks lead contented, happy-go-lucky lives, gnawing the old spareribs and munching the old watermelon? As a matter of fact, middle-class blacks like Miss Cooke seem to have gotten the message that the u.r. *Post* doesn't want to hear about middle-class blacks: it wants tales from the heart of ghetto darkness, ghastly accounts of funky underclass misery. Miss Cooke herself was probably the first black woman in ages to be the subject of a *Post* feature without being either poor and pregnant or a member of the Cabinet. She understood well enough that her editors didn't want stories about Janet Cooke types.

But Graham wasn't through: his memo ascended lyrically to the subject of the *Post*'s Higher Mission.

"If there's any long-term justification for what we do," he wrote, "it's that people will act a bit differently and think a bit differently if we help them understand the world even slightly better."

Stop the projector right there: freeze that frame! The duty of the *Post* isn't just to provide information—it's to offer social therapy! Refine the old perceptions! Reform the attitudes! Improve the behavior! Remake society, as *The New Republic* might put it! And all for twenty cents a day!

Graham may have thought Miss Cooke was doing something daring, but nobody else did, least of all she. "She was consumed by blind and raw ambition," one of her colleagues said. Raw, yes. Blind, no. "This story is my ticket off the Weekly," she had told another peer. She was going places, not because she was shattering stereotypes but because she was confirming them: liberal stereotypes, of course.

The Cooke affair exposed a peculiar kind of corruption: the willingness to take the shortest cut to the "long-term justification." The *Post*—as its coverage of issues like the budget debate makes clear enough—doesn't just want to "inform" us. It wants to *improve* us. We have the publisher's word for it. The highly Pulitzered reportage is shaped by liberal mythology, by the imperative to show forth the suffering of society's victims, with the ultimate goal of remaking society.

Miss Cooke sensed that it was up to her, therefore, to give her editors a real doozy of a victim—let's see—black (of course)—poor—a child (the Dickensian touch)—his young life blighted by social neglect—hmmm . . . something was still missing . . . of course! Heroin!

Let's not belabor the point. But you see what Ronald Reagan is up against: a kind of huge, informal interlocking directorate between Victimology and journalism. The press, even when accurate, gets what it's looking for. In this case, it was looking for the liberal victim par excellence. Miss Cooke served him up, and brinky though her offering was, not too many questions were asked. Within her paper, in fact, not enough.

If you read Alexander Cockburn's column in *The Village Voice*, you will be regularly and loudly told that journalism, excluding Mr. Cockburn's own of course, serves the interests of "the ruling class." Being a Trotskyist or something, he means the capitalist class.

Would that it were so! In fact, the press has been a lot rougher on the capitalist class, from the heyday of Naderism onward, than on the redistributist class; the New Class.

But if you prowl around Washington of an evening, you may see a big fellow in a limousine whose class interests the press has never threatened. And he isn't a capitalist. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

What's behind the Brixton Riots?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"IT'S A WAR," cried one appalled white resident as Brixton exploded. "Police and black people are fighting in the street and we are in hiding." The ruined buildings and burnt-out cars next morning certainly looked worse than anything London had seen since the Blitz.

About eight hundred young blacks were involved—some no more than 12 years old—plus a few whites urging them on. They threw bricks and bottles and petrol-bombs at the unarmed police. No one was killed, but before the night was over, two hundred casualties were being treated, the great majority policemen. Over the next week there were further eruptions in Brixton, like a volcano rumbling on, and several smaller, but still ugly, clashes between black youths and the police in other parts of London.

Some reporters were reminded less of the Blitz than of similar mornings-after in American cities following nights of racial violence. The looted shops, the groups of truculent youngsters, the wary police, all seemed ominously familiar.

A judicial inquiry has been set up into the causes of the Brixton riots, but most of the facts are known already. The question is how to interpret them. Was this a race riot or simply an anti-police riot? Was it, as a black Marxist editor argued (his magazine is subsidized by the British Council of Churches), part of the same "anti-colonialist" struggle being waged in Ulster? Was it, in the words of a liberal commentator, part of "the worldwide conflict between the underprivileged and the established order"?

The black people of Brixton themselves, when questioned by reporters, invariably blamed the police, who, they said, had been harassing them. Some commentators and politicians gladly seized on this explanation, arguing that race was only an accidental factor: but everybody knows that this is too facile. The reason why there has been such a strong police presence in Brixton, why there have been raids and searches, is that Brixton has the highest crime rate in London. Muggings are particularly frequent—and, however politically embarrassing it may be to say so, mugging is committed mainly by black youngsters.

Can the blame be laid on bad housing and high unemployment? Brixton suffers from the classic problems of a rundown inner-city area: but it is no more disagreeable than many other working-class districts, and far better than the pre-war East End of London, or Harlem, or the conditions in Jamaica, from which most of Brixton's black inhabitants, or their families, come.

Simply 'Black'

West Indian immigrants have found it much harder to settle down, and make a success of their lives, in Britain than the Pakistanis or the Chinese, who have also arrived in considerable numbers over the past thirty years. Part of the trouble, paradoxically, is that they felt more British. The Asians have kept their close family structure, their religion, and their language: they neither want nor expected complete assimilation, whereas the young West Indians perceive themselves to be unwelcome and inadequate in Britain but are also deracinated from their own, often rather simple and strict, family background.

They feel neither British nor West Indian but simply "black" and therefore at war with white society and its agents, the police. Some are Rastafarians, their hair plaited in "dreadlocks," looking to a mythical Ethiopia as their true homeland. Resentful of any interference with their lifestyle, in which drugs and loud Reggae music feature prominently, they are not just unemployed but unemployable. At best they live on welfare: at worst they form wolf-packs, living on plunder.

The discontent of these young blacks has been ruthlessly exploited, not only by the revolutionaries among them, but by many hands—white more numerous than black—eager to drop lighted matches onto the tinder. Every wall and boarded-up window in Brixton is now covered with political posters and slogans. Several Trotskyist factions have offices there. Black troublemakers came from other parts of London to join the riot. The local municipal authority, which is Labor-controlled and Marxist-led, noisily attributes all the problems of the area to the Conservative government, the capitalist system, and the police—and, at the same time, has driven away potential employers by imposing astronomical property taxes.

White Resentment

Most insidious of all, left-wing teachers, clergymen, and social-workers have been steadily encouraging black youngsters to feel cheated, to see themselves as victims, and therefore to lash out. Pouring in more public money through these tainted channels would be as likely to aggravate as to alleviate the situation. Positive discrimination, and leniency by police or courts, in favor of the blacks only sharpens the anger already felt by working-class whites who have seen their familiar neighborhoods transformed. The most useful initiative would be a program of self-help organized by responsible nonpolitical black people in cooperation with their white neighbors and with the police: but nothing of the sort appears so far even to be adumbrated.

The Brixton riots were the most serious, but not the first, of their kind in Britain, and they will not be the last. Although the political argument still centers on the question of future immigration and who should be entitled to British nationality, shutting the gates now is almost irrelevant. Population figures, which there has been a virtual conspiracy of silence not to emphasize or explore, tell their own story. One out of every three births in the Greater London area is to a mother not herself born in Britain; in some London boroughs the proportion is around two out of three. □

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s British correspondent.*

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help !!!!

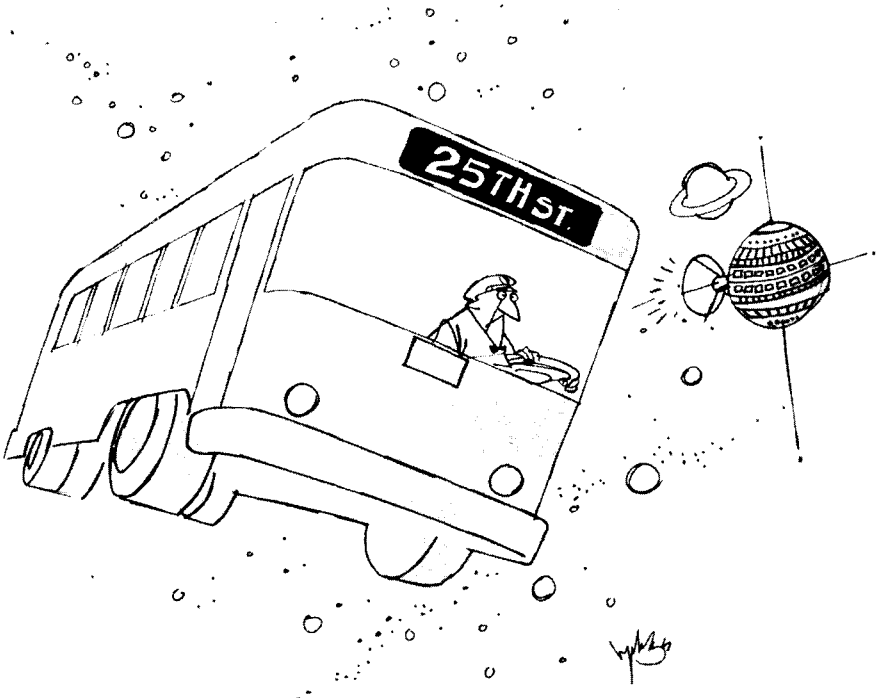
Perverse Discrimination

I feel for minorities' plight;
I want old offenses set right;
But job-wise, as things go today,
A flip-flop appears under way.

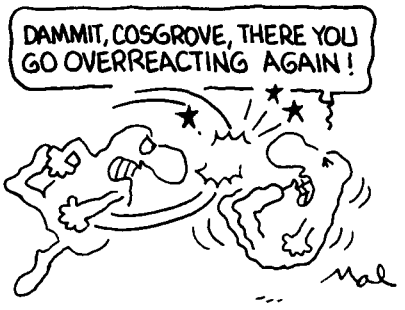
How? Well, there's that A student Jack;
They can't employ him; he not black.
Old John, skilled mechanic, is fired;
Young Juan, raw Hispanic, is hired.
There's no chance for art teacher Ben;
They have to take women, not men.
And though she's a woman, sweet Sue
Speaks softly, so she'd never do.
When Martha, a highbrow, applied,
They branded her too qualified.

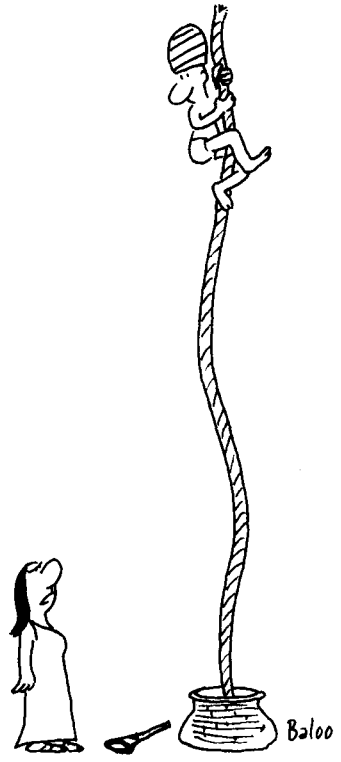
Affirmative action is fine
As long as it doesn't consign
To outer space anyone white,
Cerebral, old, male, or polite.

CORINNA MARSH



"Your bus has entered a time warp; you are now two thousand light-years from the downtown area."





"You can come down now, smarty; Mother's gone home."

"Tuition tax credits? No way—that would destroy public education as we know it!"

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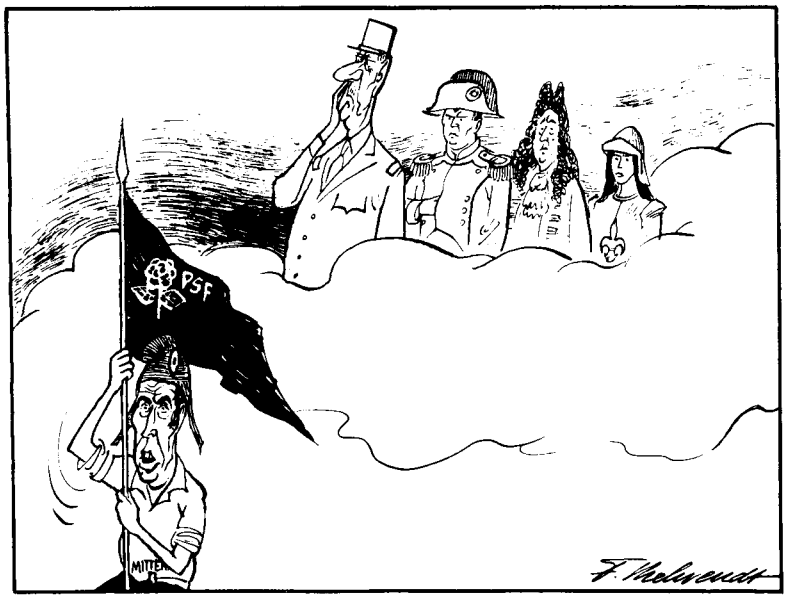
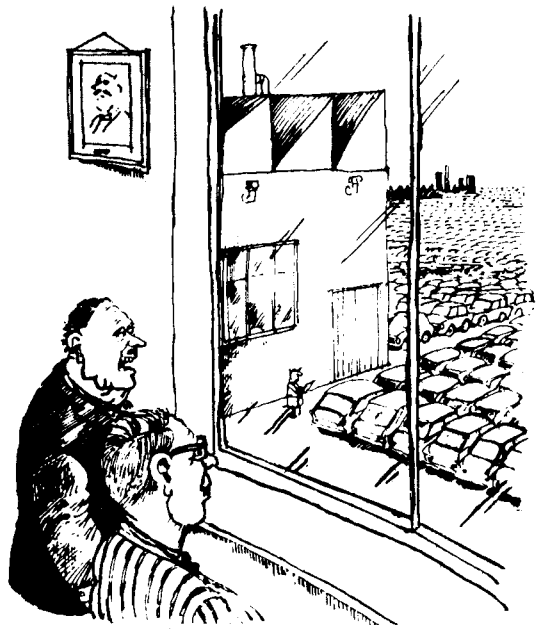


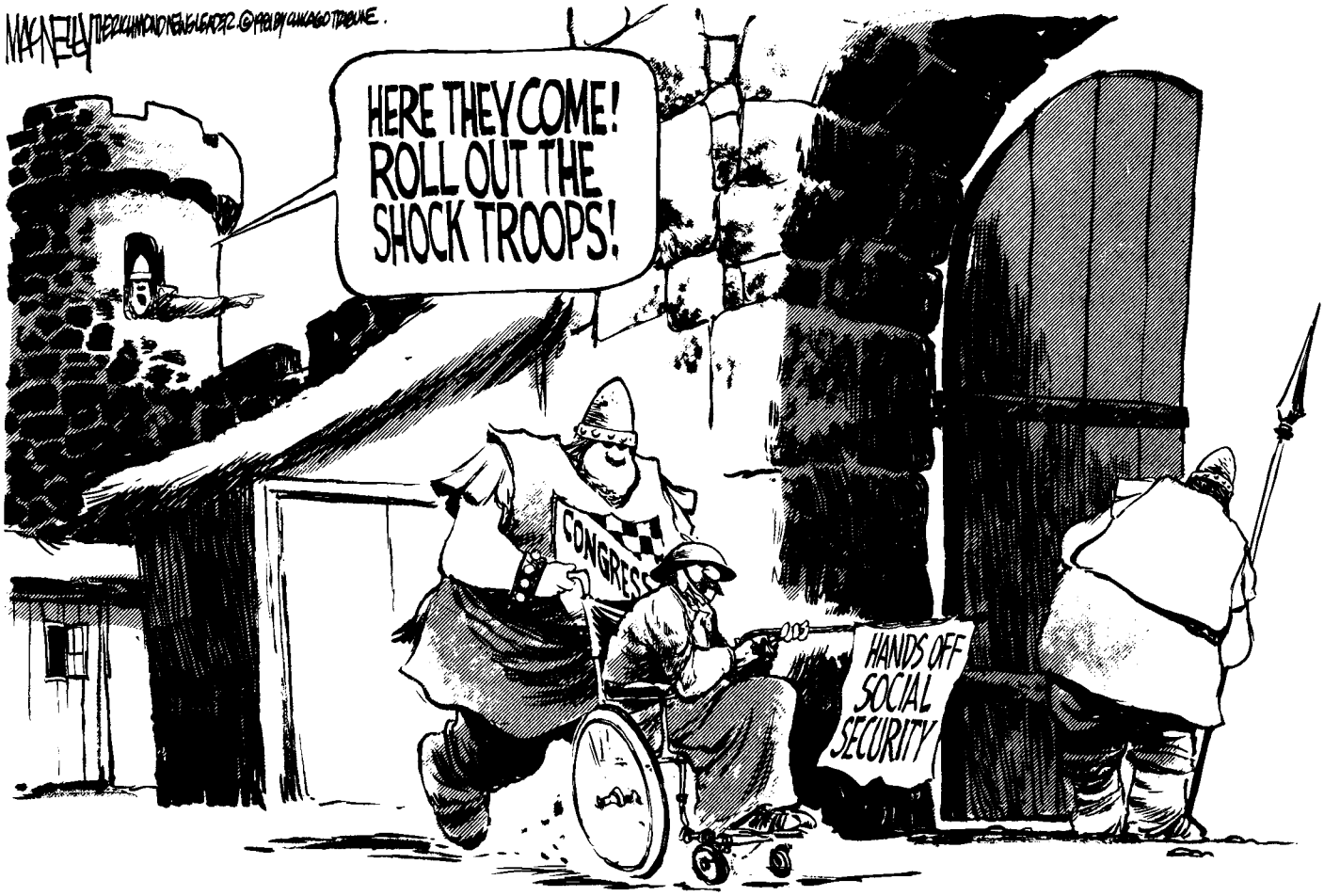
Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"Oh, mon Dieu!"



Honeysett, *Punch* Rothco

"We're concentrating on smaller cars now, so that when they don't sell we can get more of them on our parking lots."


MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER © 1981 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE
HERE THEY COME! ROLL OUT THE SHOCK TROOPS!
CONGRESS
HANDS OFF SOCIAL SECURITY

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Why I Am Not a Conservative

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THESE DAYS, I am often asked, or chided, about the fact that my politics are not what they were a dozen years ago. My good friend Martin Marty, for example, has said I seem to have the fervor of a "new convert," together with the bad manners to attack today those who hold views I helped to encourage yesterday.

It is, on the surface, a long way from having written speeches for George McGovern in 1972 to having publicly supported Ronald Reagan in 1980. Is it such a long way internally? It does not feel like that. In politics contingencies must also be measured. In 1972, I would have preferred Muskie. In 1980, if Ford had been the candidate I would have preferred him to Carter. The distance from Muskie to Ford, between 1972 and 1980, would not have seemed so great. Still in 1972, I was unwilling to break Democratic loyalty. In 1980, I was. That, too, represents distance.

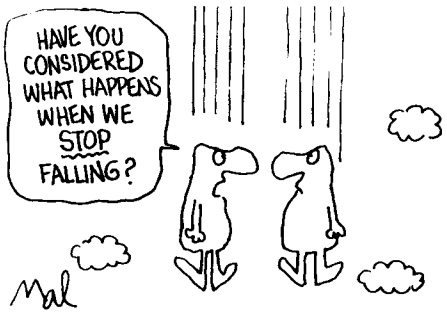
I remember rather well the experience of being "radicalized." It was in 1967, and I was at Stanford, teaching courses on social ethics, and being drawn by both temperament and lively interest into campus debates. In many ways, I thought the radical students, in their rebellion against "corporate liberalism," were onto something. Books we were reading, from Dostoyevsky and Camus to Reinhold Niebuhr, seemed immensely relevant, almost immediate. One of my earliest essays, "God in the Colleges" (*Harper's*, 1961), quite critical of the value-free discourse so prevalent at that time, was anthologized among writings of the New Left. Its themes, about the importance of the person and community, were in their way quite conservative. In the critique of the regnant liberalism in which I put them to use, however, they served radical purposes.

This experience yielded me an ironic truth which I have since seen revealed many times in the behavior of others. The myth of a dominant liberalism has been so vivid that it is possible to attack it from Left and Right with equal zest. Those who criticize liberalism from the conservative tradition and those who criticize it from the radical (socialist) tradition often have values in common; at the very least, a common *target*. Even today, one will often find between the covers of the same magazine libertarians of the Right and radicals of the Left joyfully attacking "the liberal establishment."

As the years have gone on, however, I have been more and more repelled by the ideals of socialism, even in their milder form, and by feminism, gay liberation, the politics of some black leaders, like Ben Hooks and Jesse Jackson (I admire Thomas Sowell and Walter Williams), and "liberation theology." I have grown more critical of the welfare state, the interests it serves, and the corruptions it is prone to.

During my days in the antiwar movement, I was as critical as anyone of the military-industrial complex, American imperialism, and the unresponsiveness of American institutions. However, as it happened, the institutions did respond. Both the American military and the "war machine" were demoted if not dismantled. Suddenly, American "imperialism" began to seem like American "retreat" and even "isolationism." The old battle cries seemed empty, reflexive—and newly dangerous.

A reasonable critic should not go on like a broken record. Political life is not the life of logic carried through to extremes. It is the life of prudence, calculating the greater danger. The present danger is no longer excessive American military strength and its unwise application, but excessive weakness and unwise timidity.



Winning, I discovered, is not the only thing; it's the worst thing. I had wanted the Left to be *heard*. Sweeping all before it, it became an unlovely movement. I was never a supporter of Nixon, but the vindictiveness of the Left toward Nixon—and still today toward Agnew—seemed to me morally ugly.

Furthermore, I began to study economics. Losing democratic socialism as a lodestar, I have had to figure out which ideal of political economy I should truly like to serve. As often happens, the most precious things are to be found where at first one doesn't look.

Most literary conservatives have been anti-capitalist for Burkean reasons, just as most literary socialists have been anti-capitalist for reasons learned from Marx and Rousseau. Indeed, apart from a few economists like von Mises, Hayek, and Friedman, it is hard to find intellectuals who praise the ideals of democratic capitalism. One has to go all the way back to Montesquieu, Adam Smith, and James Madison to find expressed the ideals of a "commercial republic."

IN ADDITION, one has to see one's way through many obstacles. There are all those historians of the "robber barons" and the "exploitation of labor." Of them, one has to ask, Compared to what? There are all the Social Darwinists. There are all the utilitarians and libertarians. None of these, one notes, actually captures the sense of community, decency, and lowly daily progress—even moral progress—which our system has made possible for so many families during two hundred years. None gives due credit to a strong central government, and to religious institutions.

What am I then? I like best Friedrich Hayek's essay, "Why I Am *Not* a Conservative." I cannot call myself a conservative, because I cherish the inventiveness, dynamism, mobility, and sheer energy of a democratic capitalist society. I like the new forms of community—voluntary, associative, tolerant, multiple, non-holistic—our sort of society has invented. I like progress. Also economic growth. The costs of such things are not negligible; but some may be reduced, and the others are worth paying. □

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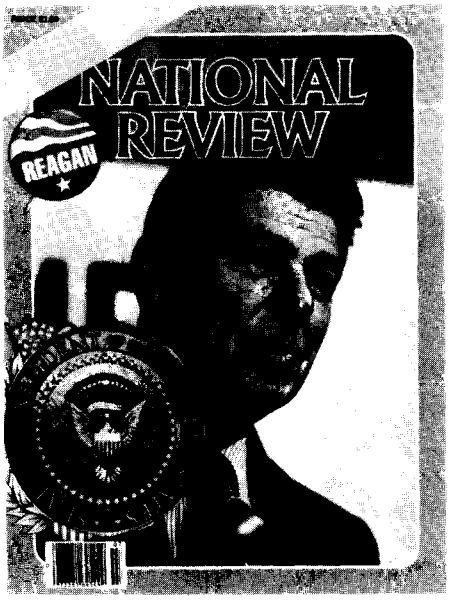
This is no time to be without *NATIONAL REVIEW*



With much happening right now in the new Reagan Administration, you'll want — *need* — to have NR handy. You'll need it to help you sort out who's who, and what's what. To help you keep up with what's going on (from the *inside*, so to speak). After all, no other magazine in America is in a better position to put you in the know. We've been in the conservative "revival" from the beginning — we *ought* to know.

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April 1 — just two days after being wounded — President Reagan was back to solid food: as the New York *Daily News* reported, the President **"...had a breakfast of orange juice, melon, two soft-boiled eggs, whole-wheat toast and decaffeinated coffee. He watched some morning news shows, read several newspapers and the *National Review*..."**

Solid food indeed!

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The Irish Problem

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

WILL A SERIES of deaths of IRA prisoners, starting with Bobby Sands's, bring about a turning point in Irish history? One should not discount the example of Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, a Sinn Feiner who starved himself to death in 1920 and thereby profoundly influenced subsequent events. History is always with us, most particularly today in Northern Ireland, where English settlement policy in the seventeenth century is at the bottom of the present civil war.

Let us look at the facts of the Northern Ireland problem to see if any kind of solution can be envisioned. We shall not go any further back into Irish history than 1921. The Irish nationalists had mounted a serious rebellion, and after two years of fighting it, Britain was tired, world opinion was largely on the side of the Irish insurgents, and the activities of the Black and Tans had given London a bad name. However, a considerable minority in the Northeast still protested desperately against being put under "Popish" rule and, reaffirming their attachment to the Crown, appealed to the loyalty of the government. The result was a compromise in which Ireland was dismembered. But compromise in the form of partition has never worked; anywhere in the world it has been tried, it has become the source of interminable, if not fatal, problems.

In the case of Ireland, the partition was a double one: of the whole island, and of Ulster within it. Six of the nine counties of Ulster were selected to form "Northern Ireland," which originally had its own diet. Today, the area is administered directly by Britain and is under "military occupation." Two densely populated counties out of the six are overwhelmingly Church of Ireland (Anglican) and Presbyterian; two more have a slim Protestant majority overall, but with Catholic majorities in their urban centers; and two have Catholic majorities. The area as a whole is 37 per cent Catholic, and—a very important fact—the Catholic birthrate is higher than the Protestant. So life has been made difficult for the Catholics (through discriminatory social and economic measures, not political ones) in a calculated effort to force them to emigrate.

The root of the problem is the "sectarian animosity" between Catholics and Protestants. Although anybody traveling in Northern Ireland will be told by both sides that the problem is by no means religious (which, in a purely theological sense, is true), it is nevertheless denominational. This mutual hatred is absent in the Republic, where one finds a lack of tensions between the two groups that is refreshing, and somewhat surprising considering the extent to which Church of Ireland people still dominate the cultural life—they belong to the highest strata of society; they publish the best newspapers, control the best university (Trinity), own the biggest industries; practically all of the ancient churches and cathedrals which were taken over by the Church of Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have remained Protestant.

IN THE South, Catholics have grown used to the non-Catholic "ascendancy"; but this is not true in the North. To the northern Protestant, a Catholic is a sort of white Negro, or, a better analogy, he is what the *sale Arabe* was to the *Pied-Noir* of Algeria. It was simply unimaginable to the *Pied-Noir* to remain in the country once French sovereignty over the Maghreb ended. In Northern Ireland the Catholic is considered a lazy fellow: last to be hired and first to be fired, dirty, treacherous, idolatrous, and murderous. The country would be better off without him.

Yet, although the Catholics are treated abominably, and their churches desecrated, the actions of the IRA are indefensible. At one time the IRA would give warning before exploding bombs in department stores, factories, or city halls; but recently they have committed acts which have alienated even many of their sympathizers. Londonderry and Belfast look like German cities after World War II.

Any hope that this terrible strife could be settled by "reforms" or by a "change of spirit" in Northern Ireland is illusory. In many situations the majority principle does not work, especially when the protesting minority (however small) refuses to yield. And neither the tame Marxist Official branch of the IRA nor the much tougher Provisionals will ever give in.

Various plans have been offered that seek to heal Ireland's wounds. One would transform Ireland into a federal state consisting of the four historic provinces, each with its own assembly. A reunited Ulster within a reunited Ireland would still have a Protestant majority. The island might then consider rejoining the Commonwealth, by far the most sensible solution; but some non-Catholics would undoubtedly react like the Algerian *Pied-Noirs*: burn down their houses, pack up and leave.

The only imaginable alternative plan would be to have a plebiscite and draw a new border. Northern Ireland would then consist of the northeastern portion only, while the larger sector with the smaller population would go to the Republic. An exchange of population would ensue, with whoever stayed on taking an oath of loyalty. However, a thus restricted Northern Ireland would be even less viable than it is now. The British public is already sick and tired of the Irish Question, and the Paisleyites realize this. Rather than accept such a solution, they would probably make a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, and the fate of the Catholics in the North would be worse than ever. It might become so bad that the Irish Republic would *have* to intervene—with unforeseeable results.

The whole all-but-insoluble problem is the result, as we said in the beginning, of British settlement policies in the seventeenth century. But although we cannot erase the past, nothing on this earth lasts forever. As Disraeli told us, finality is not the language of politics. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Behemoth

DAVID EVANIER

A Confederacy of Dunces
By John Kennedy Toole
Louisiana State University Press, 338 pp., $12.95

The appearance of this astonishing book—recipient of this year's Pulitzer Prize for fiction—11 years after the author's suicide challenges those of us who have felt that in these times a good book will somehow find its way into print in the writer's lifetime. This one did not, and the flavor of the book itself—the feeling of being almost over the edge, as is the bumbling gargantuan hero of the story—suggests that the novel's fate must have played a part in the death of the writer. Mr. Toole's title derives from Swift and points to his own presentiments about his book's future: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Had it not been for Toole's determined mother and the generous intercession of a recognized author, Walker Percy, who started it on the rounds of the publishers (nine of whom turned the novel down), *A Confederacy of Dunces* might never have seen print at all.

This first novel is no wisp or tentative sprig: it is a full-blown, fully realized comic masterpiece. There are some overlong passages and less successful caricatures, but in the main Toole explodes on the page with absolute control of an inventive, riotous plot, a rich, vivid New Orleans atmosphere, and, above all, an unforgettable comic hero, Ignatius Reilly. I had not laughed out loud at a book since *Portnoy*, and I had never laughed out loud this much at a book.

But Toole is not only adept at characterizations of individuals—Ignatius, his mother, the black janitor Jones, and the octogenarian Miss Trixie. He is brilliant at rendering groups as well (black workers and the gay community) with startling, incisive, heightened dialogue. But Toole is no baiter of minorities. The surreal satiric thrust is directed at everybody. And no one is more a minority than that crazed minority of one, the behemoth Ignatius.

Ignatius, who is thirty and flatulent, is a raging medievalist, lying abed, recording his thoughts in his Big Chief tablets. He wears a green hunting cap with earflaps that stick out on each side, tweed trousers which are "durable and permitted unusually free locomotion," a flannel shirt, and a muffler. His dialogue is what pitches the book into realms of hilarity. Ignatius sounds like a spoiled mama's boy, effete, crazily arrogant, and bombastic. Yet none of these terms nearly defines him. Once we are sucked into his world by the whirlwind of his harangues, we forget about definitions.

Every day, at home with his mother, Ignatius sits eating doughnuts, drinking milk from his Shirley Temple mug, and watching *American Bandstand* on TV:

> "Oh, my God! What an egregious insult to good taste. . . . Do I believe the total perversion that I am witnessing?" Ignatius screamed from the parlor. . . . "The children on that program should all be gassed." . . .
>
> "Oh, my heavens!" a voice shouted from the parlor. "These girls are doubtless prostitutes already. How can they present horrors like this to the public?"

In the afternoons he attends the movies, "his body filling the seat and protruding into the two adjoining ones." He scans the screen, waiting for the heroine he hates most:

> "Oh, my God!" he screamed. "There she is." He put the empty popcorn bag to his full lips, inflated it, and waited, his eyes gleaming with reflected technicolor. A

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is the author of* The Candidates. *He works now on the White House staff.* . . . **David Evanier** *is Fiction Editor at* The Paris Review. . . . **Jeffrey Meyers** *is a professor of English at the University of Colorado at Boulder. He is the author of several books, including* Fiction and the Colonial Experience *and* Married to Genius. . . . **Selden Rodman** *is the author of numerous books, including* Haiti: The Black Republic *and the forthcoming* Artists in Tune with Their World: Popular Painting and Sculpture from Alaska to Chile, *to be published next year by Simon & Schuster.* . . . **Ralph de Toledano** *is a novelist, essayist, columnist, poet, and critic.*

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tympany beat, and the soundtrack filled with violins. The heroine and Ignatius opened their mouths simultaneously, hers in song, his in a groan. In the dark two trembling hands met violently. The popcorn bag exploded with a bang.

Ignatius is forced out into the world by his mother. He creates havoc at a pants factory, where he organizes the black workers into a "crusade for Moorish dignity." Ignatius is partly motivated by his fury at his former girlfriend, Myrna Minkoff of the Grand Concourse, a political activist whose "only desire is to aid you in finding your true self-expression and contentment through satisfying, natural orgasm. . . . A good explosive orgasm would cleanse your being and bring you out of the shadows." When Ignatius is fired from that job, he becomes a frankfurter salesman for Paradise vendors. He makes a sign for his weenie wagon: "TWELVE INCHES (12″) OF PARADISE." He tells a customer:

"I am sorry, I have only a few frankfurters left, and I must save them. Please get out of my way."

. . . "Whatsa matter with you, friend?"

"What's the matter with me? What's the matter with *you*? Are you unnatural enough to want a hot dog this early in the afternoon? My conscience will not let me sell you one. Just look at your loathsome complexion . . ."

Ignatius decides to organize the gays into a peace movement. He writes in his tablets:

It was offering me the opportunity to Save the World Through Degeneracy. . . . As soldiers, they will all be so continually busy in fraternizing with one another, tailoring their uniforms to fit like sausage skins, inventing new and varied battle dress, giving cocktail parties, etc., that they will never have time for battle. . . . From time to time the Chief of Staff, the President, and so on, dressed in sequins and feathers, will entertain the leaders, i.e., the perverts, of all the other countries at balls and parties. Quarrels of any sort could easily be straightened out in the men's room of the redecorated United Nations.

It goes on this way, and it would only detract from your pleasure in reading the novel if I quoted any more. Every piece fits singularly in this black comedy. There is the question of Ignatius's "sealed valve," which occupies a substantial portion of the narrative. There is the black named Jones, whose dialogue has an authenticity seldom granted to blacks in our literature. Jones works as a janitor in a strip joint for $20 a week:

"I turnin into a expert on flos. I think color cats got sweepin and moppin in their blood, it comes natural. It sorta like eatin and breathin now to color peoples. I bet you give some little color baby one-year-old a broom in he hand, he star sweepin his ass off. Whoa!"

There are also stereotypical characters —Myrna Minkoff and the Levys (the owner of the pants factory and his do-gooder wife)—but they are done with such verve that in the absurdist context of the book they are right.

Ignatius Reilly is one of the most libidinous, sexually repressed characters in all American fiction. (A neighbor reports the bickering of Myrna and Ignatius: "The things I useta hear through my window! 'Put down that skirt,' and 'Get off my bed,' and 'How dare you? I'm a virgin.'") He allows himself to fantasize a love affair with a stripper when he thinks she shares his enthusiasm for Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*.

THE READER is haunted by the awareness of many things in reading this novel. There is the outcome of Toole's own life. There is the sense that Ignatius is close to John Kennedy Toole, as the mother is seemingly a parallel in some ways to Toole's mother. Nevertheless, the book is blastingly funny, and its objectivity, unsentimentality, and control extend to all its auxiliary characters.

A Confederacy of Dunces transcends the suffering of life through laughter, but the feeling of intense sadness is pervasive. If it is *about* anything, it is about the stubborn independence of the neurotic soul of Ignatius. Not for a minute do we see Ignatius in any way other than the booming, ridiculous role he plays. Yet we feel deeply for him.

Toole's fiercely individual vision must have made many a publisher uneasy. He tackles every "group" with equal ferocity, and no one more fiercely than Ignatius. We see everything through Ignatius's perspective, and the ultimate effect of the novel is nonjudgmental: the world as a madhouse, seen by a madman.

If you read no other novel this year, read this one. John Kennedy Toole is dead, but he has left behind something supremely alive. Unforgettable. □

Tar Baby
By Toni Morrison
Knopf, 306 pp., $11.95

WHITES AND BLACKS

SELDEN RODMAN

Is there ever going to be a novel about blacks and whites living together that seems evenhanded? Probably not while inequalities between the races, social or even economic, persist, and *that* is a goal unhappily still so far out of sight as to seem almost unimaginable. Can a white writer overcome the burden of guilt his race imposes upon him—no matter how little prejudice he may feel within himself? Can he explore such a theme without bending over backward to portray white characters as guilt-ridden or heartless, black ones as cruelly treated, revengeful, or altogether noble? And by the same token, can a black writer see black characters in a context of conflict motivated by tolerance—or would he or she even *want* to, or think it realistic to envision such Gandhian behavior, or to show the real enemy as anything but unfeelingly "white," deadly or indifferent, once the chips are down.

None of the reviews of Toni Morrison's novel that I have seen touch upon this problem. Some of the reviewers, no doubt, approve of the author's less-than-evenhanded treatment of her white characters, but more would think it bad taste even to raise the question. As a "black" writer, Toni Morrison is expected to present the blacks among her cast of characters sympathetically, and that she does.

Ondine, Sydney, and "Yardman," the black servants of the retired white millionaire Valerian Street and his wife, Margaret, may be a little Uncle Tomish in the beginning, but they are warm-

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hearted, humorous, and in the crisis fiercely independent and outspoken. Jadine, the mulatto beauty, is an orphaned niece of Ondine and Sydney, brought up and educated by Valerian and Margaret as their daughter; she is loyal to her foster parents only up to the point at which they turn upon her lover and reveal their hideous abnormalities. That lover, "Son," is a black Vietnam veteran, a fugitive from a manslaughter verdict, who jumps ship, creeps into the house, exposes the capitalist-imperialist-sexist hypocrisies of his hosts, and wins the heart of the sophisticated Jadine just as she was about to yield to the crass temptation of being a high-fashion model in Paris.

Jadine, to be sure, tires of supporting this tireless sexual superman after a few months, especially when he insists that she leave New York to savor "real life" down on his family's farm in Florida, where he leaves her to the tender mercies of these primitives with their Victorian morality; and as the book ends, ever so abruptly, she's on her way back to Paris in her mink coat with "Son" in hot pursuit. (Sequel? Will he murder Valerian and Margaret when they refuse to tell him where his love has gone? And bring her to her senses again with that macho equipment no effete white could ever match?)

No one should fault the reviewers, who have turned this piece of thinly disguised Black Power propaganda into a best-seller, for insisting that Toni Morrison can write. She can indeed. Her prose is supple and poetic. Her plot (once its improbabilities are accepted) is ingenious. There is plenty of suspense, plenty of convincing detail (if you haven't lived, as this reviewer has, in the French West Indies), plenty of crackling dialogue. What is difficult to comprehend is that reviewers seem unaware of the author's flagrant bias in the depiction of her two wholly unbelievable white protagonists. It is a bias so pervasive and undisguised that even the capitalization of the basic terminology (". . . when she traveled her society included Blacks and whites in profusion") flaunts it.

Valerian Street is a candy manufacturer from Philadelphia's Main Line who has retired at 68 to L'Arbe de la Croix to "sleep the deep brandy sleep he deserved." He spends his time listening to innocuous classical music on his hi-fi in an airtight, air-conditioned greenhouse, the doorsills covered with strips of poisoned tape to keep the soldier ants out; his lunch consists of one baked potato served on a silver salver. For such ultraliberal gestures as paying for Jadine's education and wardrobe, and inviting the criminal intruder, "Son," to be his houseguest indefinitely, he expects civility. When he gets instead tongue-lashings from guest and servants alike, he tries to call the harbor police to have them ejected, and, failing in that, succumbs to shaking palsy.

As for his wife, Margaret, a red-headed low-born beauty he had married in Maine, the mother of their disturbed son, Michael, he puts up with her bickerings and racial prejudice ("Now this nigger, he lets this real dope-addict ape . . .") and hatred of the island, until Ondine reveals at Christmas dinner that Margaret used to torture Michael with pins and burning cigarettes when he was a baby, at which point they all go berserk and Jadine takes off with Marxist-talking "Son" for those days of perfect lust in New York, leaving her benefactors to rot in their hateful island paradise.

The sentimentality of the author's point of view is apparent, to this reviewer anyway, from about page 8, when the fugitive hero gets his first view of L'Arbe de la Croix: ". . . he could see very little of the land, which was just as well because he was gazing at the shore of an island that, three hundred years ago, had struck slaves blind the moment they saw it." The next page zooms in on Isle des Chevaliers (presumably Martinique): "When laborers imported from Haiti came to clear the land . . ." No way! Haitian laborers never cleared the land anywhere except in Haiti. "Wild parrots that had escaped the stones of hungry children in Queen of France [read Fort de France] . . ." Anyone who has ever lived in either island knows that birds are killed by hungry children not for food but for the fun of it. Next page: The windowpanes don't fit the sashes because "the Haitian laborers [those non-existent Haitians again!] had no union and therefore could not distinguish between craft and art." As if in Haiti, where windowpanes hardly exist, a union, even if there were one, could implant such distinctions!

The moral of the story is contained in this bit of dialogue between Jadine and "Son" following the Christmas Dinner Revelation:

"What does it mean?" she closed her eyes.

"It means," he said, talking into her

RANDOM NOTES

■ Last June Titles: Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's new book is *The World Challenge: OPEC and the New Global Order* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95). In it he discusses the so-called "Taif Manifesto," an Arab accord which stipulated that the West was to be offered a non-negotiable deal: technological help for the Third World in exchange for OPEC oil. Servan-Schreiber argues that if Japan, after being devastated 35 years ago, could rebuild itself through computer technology into a major world power, the Western countries can also, by exercise of their native ingenuity, surmount their present difficulties. Interestingly, the book is being published at a time when many Western experts in these matters are beginning to question OPEC's durability.

In *Matthew Arnold: A Life* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95), Park Honan treats his subject as "the Victorian who mattered most," and who has had a powerful influence on almost every subsequent British and American critic.

■ Some July Titles: Vladimir Voinovich, the most humorously trenchant Russian novelist of the day, carries on the tale of his most fabulous character in *Pretender to the Throne: The Further Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* (Farrar, $12.95). In this sequel, Chonkin, having been arrested for desertion, is identified by the bureaucracy as Prince Golitsyn, a Hitler stooge bent on destroying Stalinist Russia.

Showing Off in America (Atlantic/Little, Brown, $12.95), by John Brooks, a *New Yorker* writer, extends the theories of Thorstein Veblen to argue that "parody display" is the latest form of status-seeking, whereby the seeker makes fun of his own status and that of others.

Victor Lasky's *Never Complain, Never Explain: The Story of Henry Ford II* (Richard Marek, $13.95) attributes the Ford company's current troubles both to its tardiness in building small, fuel-efficient cars and to Mr. Ford's autocratic method of running his company. —CW

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hair, "that white folks and black folks should not sit down and eat together."

"Oh, Son." Jadine looked up at him and smiled a tiny smile.

"It's true," he said. "They should work together sometimes, but they should not eat or sleep together. Do any of those personal things in life."

She put her head back into his shirt front. "What'll we do now?"

"Sleep," he said. □

Joseph Conrad: Times Remembered
By John Conrad
Cambridge, 218 pp., $19.95

FEARFUL SHADOW

JEFFREY MEYERS

John Conrad writes in the tradition of Hartley Coleridge and Hallam Tennyson, who produced pious memoirs of their fathers; and completes the family recollections begun by his mother, Jessie, and his brother, Borys. John was described as "unassuming and extremely ugly" by his irascible father, who never wanted children and once threw all the baby's clothes out the window of a French train. John was nine years younger than his distant brother, and grew up in an inanimate world of model ships and cars "in which there was no interaction or conversation." More interested in machines than in people, he is pedantically precise about the details of all the cars they owned. His memoir, like Borys's, is a study in auto eroticism.

John's book is notable for what it leaves out or just suggests—not for what it describes. He reports nothing about his father's childhood (except his lifelong hatred of the Russians, who sent his parents to exile and death for revolutionary agitation in 1862), nothing about his experiences at sea (like Shaw's Captain Shotover, Conrad was addicted to nautical expressions on land), nothing about his literary life ("very much his private preserve as far as the family was concerned"). He does not discuss his mother's humble family, his parents' conversations, his father's nervous breakdown after completing *Under Western Eyes* in 1910. The family was in Berlin when war was declared in August 1914, but John does not relate their adventures in Germany. He accompanies Conrad on a visit to Kipling, but does not describe their talk.

By the time the family moved to Oswalds in 1919, Conrad had achieved a certain prosperity. The rather grand but uncomfortable house had a butler, chauffeur, two gardeners, two housemaids, a cook, and a nurse for the phlegmatic Jessie, who had been painfully lame since damaging her knee in a fall in 1904. She was jealous of Conrad's friends, especially the young and attractive Jane Anderson, because they tended to ignore her. She compensated herself with cakes, sweets, spirits, and, when crossed, tears and a "stubborn dumbness." John shares her prejudice against Ford Madox Ford, a slovenly and disdainful guest, who infuriated the house-proud Jessie by putting his sweaty hat in the oven with her Sunday roast and sleeping wrapped in her curtains. John portrays Ford as a selfish boor, and denies the intimate friendship that lasted for ten years and coincided with Conrad's greatest works.

John's child's-eye-view is not enhanced by adult insight, and the affection expressed for his father fails to conceal his considerable resentment. Though masterful at sea during typhoons and mutinies, Conrad was an impractical, moody, nervous, gouty invalid on land. The family was forced to maintain a mature forbearance toward his foibles. In John's book, as in Jessie's, Conrad appears as a domestic tyrant—compulsive, rigid, demanding, severe—whose considerable tension was released in frequent explosions. When John wants to name a toy ship after one his father had commanded, Conrad retorts: "On no account are you to use that name for any of your pieces of wood. The *Otago* was a very fine and very fast little barque and I will not have her name dragged down to the level of a muddy pond."

John inadvertently expresses the profound hostility at the core of the book by narrating a series of disasters that depict Conrad as a foolish child. Conrad dribbles water from his mouth to his clothes, flicks bread pellets across the room, searches for a cane that he's carrying in his hand, smashes a succession of monocles, is afraid to visit the dentist, is startled by a child's car, is stung on the seat by a wasp, flees from a sulphurous hops-house, falls into a moat, crashes his car into a field-gate, and converses with a druggist while John bleeds into his shoe.

At one point in his family romance John speaks of "the drawing room with the yellow lamplight, the serenity, the peace and feeling of security." But he is far more convincing when, awakened at dawn by Conrad, he describes his father's terrifying shadow, which, "cast by the light of a candle, seemed immense and grotesque." □

On a Field of Red: The Communist International and the Coming of World War II
By Anthony Cave Brown and Charles B. MacDonald
Putnam, 800 pp., $19.95

ORGANIZING CATASTROPHE

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

The Communist International, perhaps the greatest achievement of the world revolutionary movement, began long before it was proclaimed by Lenin in 1919. Both its philosophy and its *modus operandi* were the direct outgrowth of a small pamphlet written by a contemporary of Dostoyevsky and entitled *The Catechism of a Revolutionist*. Decades later, its phrases would echo in the speeches and the writings of V. I. Len-

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in, and its view of the organization of revolution, in the formation of the Third, or Communist, International.

For the function of the Comintern was only in small part to weld together the Marxist-Leninist parties of the world and to project them as arms of Soviet foreign policy. This was a secondary consideration. From its very inception, the Comintern's major role was to organize catastrophe, working underground as a subversion and espionage apparatus. The "legal" Communist parties were for the most part window-dressing. They were directed and manipulated by the underground international, operating so closely with the Soviet secret police that at times it was impossible to distinguish between the two. As the agony of Latin America develops, this is slowly becoming apparent even to newspaper editors and editorial writers still struggling to hold to the view that the small and ineffective "open" Communist parties south of the Rio Grande are of no consequence.

BECAUSE the Comintern operated, and still operates, underground—"a secret battalion of paratroopers," Harold J. Laski called it in a moment of careless candor—its story has come to us episodically in the confessions of those who broke, in the great germinal books like Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*, in military intelligence files, and in the reportorial efforts of writers such as myself looking in from the outside and putting together whatever information was available as they focused on this or that aspect of Comintern activity. Politicians, in reconstructing a picture of the Comintern, have failed because they have attempted to deal with the minutiae.

On a Field of Red is an ambitious and determined attempt to link what has surfaced in the past of the Comintern's history—both the "open" and the "underground" manifestations. The authors are explicit in stating that they are not writing a "formal" history of the Comintern. Such a task would require many volumes and far more time than two men, no matter how able or dedicated, could provide. Perhaps in the future some foundation will organize a team of scholars and investigative reporters to put together the history of what is substantially our time's plague.

What Charles B. MacDonald and Anthony Cave Brown have accomplished, however, is no small achievement. They have written a flowing and fascinating account of the Comintern's history—an account which implicitly demonstrates the fatal errors committed by honorable statesmen who failed to understand what the Soviet revolution and its leaders were about. Their narrative can be faulted for overemphasis of some aspects of the Comintern's history and a thinness in dealing with others, for overstatement and understatement, for occasional errors and a few contradictions.

And there are times when the reader pauses and asks himself, "Was the Harold Ware cell, of which Alger Hiss was a part, truly a 'shadow Soviet government' of the United States?" Were the Comintern's successes, for all the effectiveness of its espionage and subversion apparatuses, as important as they are made out to be? And then this reader recalls the statement, made in conversation by William C. Bullitt: "The two greatest threats to the world are the Comintern and the Homintern"—an appraisal which gains strength as new scandals break in England and the homosexual depravities of Burgess, Maclean, and their fellow *apparatchiks* become known.

What is important here is to note that as a one-volume compendium of Comintern history—which unfortunately breaks off during the World War II period—*On a Field of Red* is an important tool for those who wish to understand what is happening during this ninth decade of the twentieth century. It is also an engrossing book, written solidly but without pedantry and with a minimum of bias. It should be a sharp answer to those who minimize the Communist threat by pointing to the small size of Communist parties in the Western Hemisphere.

As the late Frank Meyer used to point out, *Iskra*, the publication of Russia's Communists, had a circulation of three thousand—yet its role proved critical to Russia and to the world. □

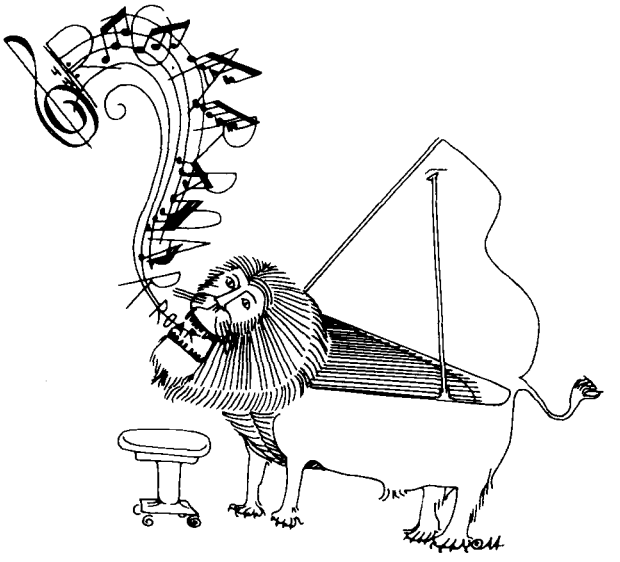
Mountbatten
By Richard Hough
Random House, 302 pp., $16.95

LORD LOUIS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

To his critics, and they were legion, Lord Louis Mountbatten was the ultimate example of noble vacuity, a preening, posturing peacock of long lineage, sparse grey matter, and inexhaustible self-assurance. It was the self-assurance that annoyed them most, especially when the critics themselves happened to be insecure *arrivistes*. Yet Mountbatten cut an undeniable dash and often won the devotion of the men in the ranks who followed him, often under dubious circumstances, into battle. Perhaps the very anachronism of a seventeenth century cavalier spouting populist slogans appealed to the usually cynical Cockneys who sank in his ships and died for him in Burma, frequently cheering Lord Louis to the last.

If nothing else, "Dickie" Mountbatten had magnetism, and, in an age when well-bred dash is in short supply, a little goes a long way. There was also a princely naïveté to his egomania—on more than one occasion late in life he quite sincerely asserted that he had never made a mistake—that, in a peculiar way, added to his charm. "He was such a sweet man," that sage observer of human foibles, Sir Harold Macmillan, recently remarked, "He was slightly child-



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ish, with a sort of simple mind. He boasted a lot. But that didn't matter. That wasn't important. What did matter was that he was a charming character."

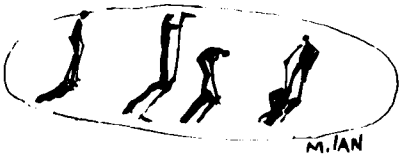
Up to a point, Sir Harold. Indeed it would *not* have mattered had not "Dickie" taken himself with a terrible seriousness (as did many of his wiser contemporaries who should have known better) that led to his presiding over the catastrophic partition of India, to a number of bumbled intelligence missions in the last critical years before the Second World War (in 1936 he told Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart that Spain had signed a secret alliance with Italy and Germany and that he "would prefer a Left victory in Spain—even Communist"), and to a flamboyantly failed combat career in the Royal Navy that can only be characterized as a larger-than-life version of John Kennedy's achievement of hero status by having his PT boat rammed and sunk. Of such things myths are made, and Mountbatten became in his lifetime Great Britain's leading noble myth.

It was a myth he fondly nurtured; not since the Pharaohs had anyone spent so much time lovingly crafting his own monument, in Mountbatten's case everything from a marathon television series (even the abbreviated version released by Public Broadcasting in the States seemed endless) to detailed instructions for his own state funeral. Now Richard Hough, an able author and sometime literary collaborator of the great man, has given us a surprisingly objective biography. While *Mountbatten* is definitely an appreciation, it is not a puff piece. Indeed, several surviving members of Lord Louis's family put pressure on the British publisher to alter its contents.

Mountbatten gives its subject his due as a hard worker, a *beau sabreur*, a minor inventor, and a gifted practitioner of pedigreed public relations, and recognizes the important shaping role Lord Louis played in the lives of two much more formidable "royals," the current Prince Consort and Prince of Wales. Fortunately, Mr. Hough also gives us a balanced inventory of his hero's flaws—the vanity, stinginess, recklessness, and intellectual blind-spots that stopped Mountbatten several steps short of true greatness. If any fault is to be found with Hough's treatment, it is the undercurrent of hostility toward Lady Edwina, "Dickie's" high-strung but mentally superior wife. The author relates several of her countless extramarital affairs with thinly disguised malice and then attempts to portray Mountbatten's voyeuristic tolerance of them as an amiable trait on his hero's part.

On at least one occasion Lady Edwina's indiscretion did have a disastrous impact. Her celebrated dalliance with Pandit Nehru (as a trendy liberal snob, Lady Edwina found Nehru's combination of left-wing politics and polished manners irresistible, especially since her husband's rather sluggish libido was seldom aimed in her direction) was probably the last piece of evidence that the Moslem League's Mohammed Ali Jinnah needed to conclude that Mountbatten, as Viceroy of India and grand liquidator of the Raj, was hopelessly biased in favor of the Hindu-dominated Congress Party. Mountbatten's own arbitrary rush to achieve India's independence—a twenty-week deadline that triggered or at least accelerated one of the greatest fratricidal bloodbaths of all time and has left the subcontinent destabilized to this day—was his major contribution to history.

For the most part, the remainder of his career was ornamental. As Mr. Hough concludes in an admirable summary of Mountbatten's long and eventful life, "Any historical judgment on Mountbatten will be bound to show that his inspiration to achievement was greater than his actual achievement. His power to lift spirits, to bring out the best in people, has been experienced by thousands and is undeniable . . . The roll of tangible achievement is not so impressive, however." But, if Lord Louis was not a great man, he was certainly a great showman. Even his death, at the hands of IRA bombers, was melodramatic and ironically apt—the ultimate explosion of a modern myth. Lord Louis may not have had it, but he certainly knew how to flaunt it, and, in our grey era with its superabundance of drab charlatans, the Mountbatten blend of grace and flamboyance will be missed. □



FILM

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY

JOHN SIMON

There always will be dishonest movies around, but Federico Fellini's latest, *City of Women*, carries dishonesty to the point of contemptibility. It purports to be a tongue-in-cheek commentary on women in the age of ascendant feminism, and on the state of men under this dispensation. Good enough, but Fellini (with his two co-scenarists, Bernardino Zapponi and Brunello Rondi) immediately adopts two separate strategies for evading responsibility. One is to show only the extreme positions in the socio-sexual cold war, and then ridicule all of them equally. Everyone gets it in the neck: furibund feminists, lesbians, rapacious older women, autistic young swingers; men who knuckle under (like the six subservient husbands of an aging virago), male chauvinist pigs, homosexuals. Everyone is equally ludicrous, equally in error—or equally exculpated by his or her opposite's follies. The other device is to make all but a few of the film's 140 minutes the dream of its hero, Snaporaz (Marcello Mastroianni), napping on a train. Accuse the old fox Federico of foolishness, self-contradiction, absurd wrong-headedness, and he can retort complacently, "But, of course. It's only a dream, after all."

Yet does one, as an artist or a mere concerned human being, poke cruel and tasteless fun at everybody, only to hotfoot it back into diplomatic immunity the moment one's bluff is called? And there is more hocus-pocus. Although the *homme moyen sensuel* portrayed by Mastroianni is at first called Snaporaz (a circus clown's name), he gradually becomes known as Marcello—either to establish him as the Fellini-surrogate from *La dolce vita* twenty years later or, quite contradictorily, as the actor Marcello himself, in no need to adopt another persona for what is only a charade, improvisation, horseplay.

Such cheating, double-bottomed filmmaking extends throughout this dishonorable enterprise and is not to be confused with creative ambiguity. Here

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we do not have conflicting possibilities subtly enriching one another, but schematically antithetical positions preposterously slapped together for mutual cancellation.

We begin as Snaporaz follows a sexy, fur-hatted woman to the toilet of what seems to be a third-class railroad car, has coitus interruptus with her, and, when she gets off the train, pursues her through a lyrical countryside. She makes a fool of him, eludes him, and lures him into a hotel in the middle of nowhere, where an enormous conference of feminists is in full swing. The women—some seductive, some grotesque—are shown in a Babel of activities: testimonials, harangues, lecture-demonstrations with slides, movies, theatrical and consciousness-raising sessions. The camera and soundtrack simultaneously drool over them and mock them, as their behavior ranges from the rabid to the ridiculous.

Loudly denounced by the fur-hatted woman, Snaporaz becomes an endangered specimen, but is led to seeming safety in a gymnasium by Donatella, a buxom, toothsome, laughing lass who gets him to roller-skate with her, while a nearby gym session teaching women how to kick a man in his privates is in fearsome progress. Donatella helps Snaporaz escape some threateningly converging Furies on skates, but the door she points him to merely opens onto a steep staircase, which he tumbles down, whereupon a huge, ludicrous yet menacing female scoops him up and takes him, ostensibly, to the station on her motorbike. Instead, however, she maneuvers him into a hothouse on her farm, where she begins to rape him, and is put to flight only by the arrival of her ancient but embattled mother. The crone entrusts Snaporaz to her grand-daughter for safe conduct to the station, but she dumps him into a car full of very young female punk rockers, one of several such that, radios blaring, rattle through the night.

SNAPORAZ jumps out of the car, is chased by the girls but rescued by a macho type on guard outside his mansion with gun and mighty dogs; the stalwart fellow hurls curses at the girls and shoots blanks at them. This is Kazzone (i.e., *cazzone*, large cock, rendered in the subtitles as Dr. Züberkock), whose house is a museum of male supremacist

madness, complementary to the ravings of the feminist convention. Here we get things like a floor lamp in the shape of a giant phallus and a whole gallery of color transparencies of Kazzone's conquests; press a button and the suggestive portraits light up, while the voice of the woman in the picture endlessly reiterates her particular brand of talk during sexual surrender, sometimes complete with orgasmic moans.

Kazzone is throwing a party to celebrate his ten-thousandth conquest, where Snaporaz, by now usually referred to as Marcello, meets his wife, Elena, who is getting drunk and accusing him of numerous conjugal failings. Fellini lets her mount a convincing case, only to undercut it a while later when feminist police break up the party and Elena goes off, embracing one of the women officers, toward what looks like lesbian dalliance. Still later, after her husband has been ceremoniously put to bed, she will return, singing a travestied aria from *Carmen*, and demanding sexual satisfaction from him while riding him like a tyrannical jockey. When he fails to satisfy her, she rolls off him in the most ludicrous and ugly way, and drops off to sleep. In the film's final sequence, back on the train and in reality, we shall meet her again, reading a comic book.

Meanwhile what are the two main highlights at Kazzone's party? His new—and last—conquest puts on an exhibition of Zen sex, which consists of standing on a couple of stools and sucking up into her vagina coins and pearls thrown toward her feet. Kazzone himself is extinguishing, by way of the other high point, the ten thousand candles on a gigantic cake; when his breath gives out, he resorts to what appears to be a stream of his urine. A maid declares that it is really a bottle of champagne that does the dousing; later, a bystander reasserts the urine theory. The party ends with Kazzone kissing—indeed, making love to—a smirking marble bust of his late mother. The supermale is being punctured and revealed as a pitiful mama's boy; but mama's boys are more likely to turn into homosexuals than into Casanovas wielding guns and spouting D'Annunzio and urine (or champagne).

I have summarized only about half the plot, but it should suffice to indicate what a tasteless, self-contradictory, uncommitted, and irresponsible affair *City of Women* is. It becomes even more extravagant and tiresomely surreal in its latter parts, full of threadbare allusions to *8½*, *Juliet of the Spirits*, *Satyricon*, *Amarcord*, and *Casanova*. Yet these are not even auto-*hommages* so much as self-plagiarism: ineffectually gesticulating lunges in the direction of past endeavors. In one typically unappetizing sequence, entitled "The Cinema," an audience of boys and men of all ages is watching great female stars on the screen. The screening-room is a wall-to-wall bed whose top-sheet billows like the sea from the motion of the penises being manipulated underneath. This may indeed be the aging Fellini's notion of cinema, and certainly characterizes much, if not most, of his later work.

THERE is nothing the director will not steal from. In a bordello scene, the whore Marcello goes upstairs with is a replica of Anouk Aimée in *8½*, who there represented the autobiographical hero's wife. Another gratuitous conjugal insult? When she rides our hero in bed, the whore has the elephantine posterior (via trick photography) of Wertmüller's fat woman in *The Seduction of Mimi*, with the added repulsiveness that here others are watching the act. Even the continuity is utterly sloppy: Mastroianni's socks change color from one scene to the next; the same woman

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IT IS three years since Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn delivered his startling commencement address at Harvard University, and the controversy he generated has diminished as interest in his charges has become attenuated. But of course nothing has been *resolved.* Solzhenitsyn's speech touched almost every raw nerve in the Western intellectual tradition. It managed both to please and to offend, in some degree, liberals, democrats, and consumer protectionists; it succeeded in soothing and arousing, in equal measure, conservatives, monarchists, and the Puritan remnant still sneaking in the hills. In his brief talk, the Russian novelist made us recognize once again what hybrid things Western systems of belief are, how inherently irreconcilable their parts: how almost every modern philosopher is a being secretly divided against himself.

Solzhenitsyn at Harvard: The Address, Twelve Early Responses, and Six Later Reflections (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1211 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $9.50), edited by Ronald Berman, is a collection of quite varied pieces written in answer to Solzhenitsyn's strictures upon the weakness of Western societies. Among these are columns by George Will, Mary McGrory, and James Reston; editorials taken from *NR* and the *New York Times*; and lengthier essays by Richard Pipes, Sidney Hook, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Michael Novak, and Berman himself. Solzhenitsyn is an elephant, and Berman hunts him with elephant guns.

Several of these misfire or go off with faint popping sounds, like Professor Schlesinger's. (Schlesinger concludes by observing that we in America are committed to pluralism, and by quoting Emerson: *"Yet not for all his faith can see / Would I that cowled churchman be"*). More are of a better bore, sometimes unexpectedly so: in "Solzhenitsyn Doesn't Love Us" Mary McGrory insists that we are hearing "a conservative, religious, and terribly homesick Russian" who spent his life in the rarefied world of the dissidents, of people who "while their breath lasts [are] wholly alive," and find nothing in the consumer society to inspire them. But there is real knockdown power in George Will and Ronald Berman, who refuse to dismiss Solzhenitsyn, as the *Times* does, as a typically Russian phenomenon and point out that his critique of the West is wholly in the Western tradition—that it echoes Augustine, Aquinas, Swift, Hegel, Arnold, even Christopher Lasch.

People who think Solzhenitsyn too pessimistic on the subject of individual freedom, and particularly individual economic freedom, might exclaim: "*Chodorov!* Ah, but has he ever read Chodorov?" For Frank Chodorov, neither a "liberal" nor a "conservative" but quite simply a "majority of one," is incomparable on the subject of freedom of any kind. *Fugitive Essays: Selected Essays of Frank Chodorov* (Liberty Press, $9; paperback $4), is compiled, edited, and introduced by Charles H. Hamilton as part of the publisher's reprint series.

CHODOROV argued from the fastnesses of *The Freeman*, *Analysis*, and *Human Events* that property rights are basic human rights: that a man's property is merely the precipitated solid of his will and energy, the inference being that material goods must exist in proportion to spiritual ones. Unhappily, however, Chodorov had only a naïve notion of how a society of free men can retain both its goods and its freedoms. He was greatly opposed to John Foster Dulles's containment theories because he believed that war abroad meant oppressive government at home. In "How to Curb the Commies" he concludes by stating "the government has all the power it needs to have or ought to have [to track down spies and subversives]. If the Communists succeed, it will be only because the politicians, by neglecting their duty to society, become their accomplices." Solzhenitsyn may have been wrong on the First Amendment, intolerable music, and Head skis, but he had some things to tell us about a false sense of security. □

telephoning her psychiatrist is played by two different extras in two not quite consecutive scenes. As for the post-synching, it is so cynical as to make for minimal correspondence between heard dialogue and seen lip movement.

What cannot the film confuse and confound? When Marcello is hauled before a feminist tribunal prior to being sent out into a Roman-style arena to confront the Ideal Woman (and be, presumably, destroyed like the other dying gladiators being periodically removed on stretchers), his guards are homosexuals ridiculed as the ultimate screaming queens. But when he is asked to say the first feminine name that pops into his head, he produces a male nickname, Pippo, and promptly waxes awkwardly defensive. Could our very masculine hero be latently homosexual and homosexuality a "normal" condition?

But the height of tergiversation and equivocation is reached in the sequence where Marcello goes up in a balloon made in the image of a huge Donatella, a Donatella with the halo of the Madonna, the bridal veil of the wife, and the lewd smile of the prostitute. This, in fact, is the Ideal Woman whom he went to meet in the arena; a rubber version of *das Ewig-Weibliche* that drew Goethe's Faust onward and upward. On the ground below stands, even worse than this travesty of a Superwoman, the real-life Donatella in terrorist's garb; smiling sweetly, she shoots down her ballooning alter ego with a murderous machine gun, causing Marcello to plummet to earth. Three primitive old images of woman shot to hell by the new deadly image, while man is, coincidentally, consigned to perdition.

Well, does this mean utter despair, then? No, we get a cheap, tacked-on, fake happy ending. As our hero wakes up in his train compartment, there are his wife, the woman in the fur hat, and Donatella (now a student) all graciously smiling; the pouring rain outside yields to sunshine (photographed as meltingly as only Giuseppe Rotunno can do it, to the accompaniment of Luis Bacalov's Rotaesque score), and the landscape around the railroad track blooms into a picture postcard. True, the train goes into a tunnel, but there is a glint of light at the end of it. Whence this unearned hope? What meaning in all this derivativeness and vulgarity? Dream on, Snaporaz-Marcello-Federico, but spare us your crude and empty dreams. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

LUCY, THE BEGINNINGS OF HUMANKIND, *by Donald Johansen and Maitland Edey (Simon & Schuster, 376 pp., $16.95). Lucy* recounts the dramatic discovery of the bones of what is, at 3.5 million years, the oldest, most complete, and best preserved skeleton of any erect walking human ancestor yet to be found. This discovery by a young paleoanthropologist in the Afar Triangle of Ethiopia in 1979 created shock waves that are still reverberating. The discovery of Lucy by Johansen and his associate Tom Gray challenged accepted theories on the origin of man propounded by such luminaries as Richard and Mary Leakey and made necessary a full-scale re-evaluation of man's age and his relationship to the modern ape. The writing team of Johansen and Edey has turned out a book that must be considered an important addition to the body of knowledge in the field of paleoanthropology—this without the usual dry, scholarly tone—and in the process created a tale of detection and suspense that is wholly fascinating. In *Lucy*, the excitement of the pursuit that carries these dedicated scientists through long monotonous hours and years of work is vividly portrayed, especially in the scene where Johansen and Gray make their momentous discovery. "'I can't believe it,' I said, 'I just can't believe it.' 'By God, you'd better believe it!' shouted Gray. 'Here it is. Right here!' His voice went up to a howl. I joined him in the 110 degree heat. We began jumping up and down. With nobody to share our feelings, we hugged each other, sweaty and smelly, howling and hugging . . . the small brown remains of what now seemed almost certain to be parts of a single hominid skeleton lying all around us." Why did the tiny skeleton create so much controversy? "She doesn't fit anywhere," says Johansen. "She is just a very old, very primitive, very small hominid. Somehow we are going to have to fit her in, find a name for her." *Lucy* is a fascinating book by any criterion. NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

LONDON YANKEES: *Portraits of American Writers and Artists in England 1894-1914, by Stanley Weintraub (Harcourt Brace, 408 pp., $14.95).* Mr. Weintraub sets out to show how London inspired and prospered American expatriates at the turn of the century, but ends up putting London itself on show. The unintentional deviation is fortunate, for both legs of his original thesis wobble. Inspiration, if that's what it was, led Stephen Crane to churn out pulp fiction, Bret Harte to hold to the groove of Western romance, and Ezra Pound to take up literary press-agentry. Some of them got rich. Crane, though, died destitute. Henry James managed to live comfortably, his meager royalties supplemented by a small inheritance. Mark Twain added to his already considerable debts by taking a house with an entourage of servants, but through travel writing and the kindness of friends stayed solvent. Only Robert Frost fits Weintraub's ideal: he came as a poor farmer and, having found a market for his poems, returned to America with books to his credit and cash in his wallet. But successful or not, the Americans had the pleasure of experiencing hospitable London—"the great, easy-going, tolerant, lovable old dressing-gown of a place it was then," as Ford Madox Ford called it. Food and lodging were cheap, the British Museum provided free pens and blotting paper, and at Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop the rising literati gathered for readings. In describing the town, Weintraub does a genuine service. He comes well-equipped: his store of anecdotes is ample, and he tells them with an admiration as innocent and intoxicating as London must have been. But the lack of thought finally becomes glaring. Drawing in the threads, he notes that "given the conjunctions and the interplay of personalities and loyalties, it is difficult to believe that Anglo-American culture would have been the same" had the Yanks stayed home. It is the sort of conclusion that comes from trying to tie up too many ill-matched facts. The facts still are a pleasure, but the conclusion is no conclusion at all. PAUL T. HORNAK

WHY JOHNNY STILL CAN'T READ, *by Rudolf Flesch (Harper & Row, 191 pp., $10.95).* The most important revelation here comes on the first page: 26 years after the publication of *Why Johnny Can't Read*, 85 per cent of American elementary schools are still using the "look-say" system (a proven failure) to teach reading. It is a revelation because the casual ob-

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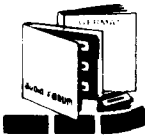

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server might have concluded that, over the past ten years or so, the look-sayers had pretty much surrendered. Today nearly all educational publishers claim to use phonics, which Flesch recommends, in their reading programs. Most of these programs, according to Flesch, are disguised versions of look-say. Phonics plays only a small role in a cumbersome look-say decoding "strategy" which includes guessing (*lake* for *lagoon*) and skipping words ("say 'blank' and keep going"), and depends on a vocabulary of sight words which includes at most 20 per cent of a young child's vocabulary. Flesch also argues that most of the hundreds of thousands of cases of dyslexia (congenital word blindness) diagnosed in recent years are only imitations of true neurological dyslexia. This pseudo-dyslexia is provoked by poor reading instruction and has been promoted into a biological disorder by educators looking for excuses for bad reading performances and for the federal money available for handicapped children. Most of the rest of the book is devoted to a very readable and well footnoted survey of post-1955 reading research. Note: The current book is not really an update of *Why Johnny Can't Read*, which includes practical instruction in phonics and is still available. RICHARD VIGILANTE

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PETER

(Continued from page 715)

coalition partner in 1972, was one of the civilian members of the Junta in 1979. Later, he withdrew from it and joined the leftists. He has traveled to Europe to win friends among leading Social Democrats, and to obtain support for the "Frente Democrático Revolucionario," a coalition of anti-government forces. He managed to convince influential Europeans that he represents a socialist and truly democratic front fighting the fascists. The European Social Democrats duly warned the U.S. to refrain from intervening directly in El Salvador; only the people, they said, had a right to decide their own destiny.

But are the terrorists "the people"? Do they even represent the people? Is freedom, in fact, what they are fighting for? The people should indeed have a chance to shape their own destiny, but this is best done by free elections. The Junta has offered an election in March 1982—and the guerrillas have rejected it. Yet Social Democrats in Europe and liberal intellectuals all over the world continue to believe that those in arms against the government are the authentic democrats. Ungo has his own "political solution." His idea is that the U.S. should call back its advisors from El Salvador, and stop aid to the Junta. While this could open the way to a military victory of the Left, it is certainly not a political solution.

Partners in Leftism

A partner of El Salvador's "Frente Democrático Revolucionario" is the "Movimiento Nacional de Liberación Farabundo Martí," a leftist guerrilla force named after one of the founders of the Communist Party of El Salvador. Another famous liberation movement was the "Movimiento Nacional de Liberación Tupamaros" in Uruguay, the first urban guerrilla group in Latin America. They all, the Tupamaros of Uruguay, the Montoneros of Argentina, the MIR of Chile, and now the Salvadoran groups, are wildly anti-democratic. They consider democracy as something bourgeois, obsolete, corrupt, and utterly detestable, something that must be replaced by a solid leftist, totalitarian regime.

A comparison with Nicaragua is in order here. In El Salvador it is not only the Communists who are up in arms against the government. The opposition includes moderates like Dr. Ungo and others, all loosely connected in a broad liberation front. A future government would include all these elements. In Nicaragua, the Sandinista were not the only ones to fight Somoza —so did moderates such as Violeta Barrios de Chamorro and Alfonso Robelo. They too deserved a voice in the successor government, and indeed, for a few months, they were part of the ruling Junta.

But where are the Nicaraguan moderates now? The Junta is entirely in the hands of the leftists. Violeta Barrios de Chamorro is out and silent; Don Alfonso Robelo is out and shouting to the rooftops that the world must not allow itself to be deceived as to what is going on. Nicaragua is going Communist, he says. What then will happen to Dr. Ungo and his friends, if the Democratic Revolutionary Front, with the Communist Farabundo movement doing the fighting, wins the civil war in El Salvador? Social Democrats everywhere will be surprised—but too late. In the meantime they and a chorus of American liberals demand that there be no "Vietnamization" of El Salvador, using a word that brings back a tremendous American trauma, although the comparison with Vietnam is absurd.

The U.S. cannot watch passively, and the Reagan Administration knows it. The leftists are equipped with modern arms from the Soviet Union and Cuba, which pass through Nicaraguan territory. There was a nice moment when Nicaragua, afraid that its collaboration might cost it Yankee dollars, solemnly declared that a) there was no transport of arms through Nicaragua, and b) it would stop it immediately.

With Nicaragua already pretty much in the Soviet bag, the U.S. cannot afford to let El Salvador go the same way . . . and Honduras . . . and Guatemala. Washington should not be talked into believing that the Frente Democrático Revolucionario will establish a democracy in El Salvador if permitted to win the civil war; but neither can it support counter-terrorists or those who would overthrow the Junta and establish yet another military dictatorship. Its best alternative is to assist the Junta under Duarte, and encourage Duarte to stay on the middle road and to keep his promises, in due course, of free elections. □

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The Hayakawa Amendment

On The Right

New York, June 2—A few days ago men and women concerned for the maintenance of the New York Public Library gathered at a symposium of literati who pondered the question of English-English and American-English. The traditional wisecracks were trotted out ("England and America are two countries separated by a common language." . . . "The most difficult task confronting an American is to learn English"). But real concerns were voiced centering on the great paradox. It is that in an age when roughly speaking everybody listens to the same people, whose accents and enunciation are interchangeable parts, what was expected simply didn't happen. We were all supposed to end up talking like Walter Cronkite. But differences have persisted; a Yorkshireman has maybe even more difficulties than a century ago in communicating with a South Carolinian.

If it's a problem as between the United States and Great Britain, the internal problem is of a graver order. Suddenly—before, really, we sat down and gave it our corporate attention—the United States seems to have become not a polyglot sub-nation on its way to joining the community—but something else. The first we have always been. Mr. and Mrs. Igor Trotsky arrive at Ellis Island speaking only their native tongue. FLASH. One generation later, Igor is complaining to Sonya that the kids are speaking only in English, forgetting their native tongue.

That is how it went for a couple of centuries. But the modern inclination, for reasons Senator Sam Hayakawa of California deeply deplores, since they are motivated primarily by politics, is to preserve the language of the immigrant by granting it continued immunities, through school, on to college; conceivably through even to professional life. In 1975 Congress amended the Voting Rights Act to allow ballots to be printed in various languages. That symbolic gesture suggested that the achievement of proficiency in English was no longer a conscious cultural objective of the American Republic.

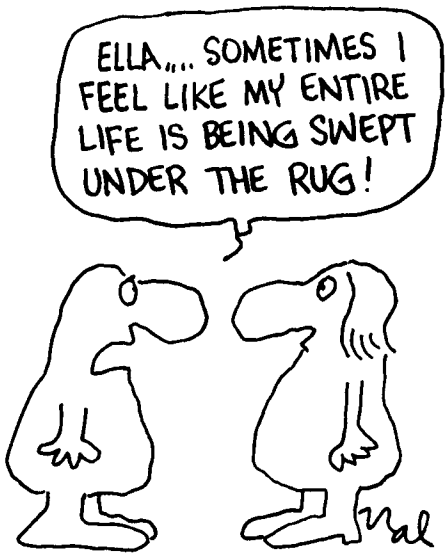
Minutes after achieving office, Ronald Reagan repealed the so-called "Lau" regulations, which would have required school districts to teach non-English-speaking students academic subjects in their native languages. Senator Hayakawa has no objection to transitional teaching in any foreign language—provided the clear purpose of the enterprise is, precisely, to label it as transitional. The objective is: an English-speaking republic. The alternative is a polyglot society.

Such societies do work, Switzerland standing out (as Switzerland perversely does) as the quintessential example. But more often than not there are difficulties, and the deep division in Canada is the closest example. The bitterness that arises from the competition between French- and English-speaking Canadians threatens to sunder the Commonwealth. But whereas in Canada the problem of bilingualism is organic, in the United States it is—for a brief historical moment—merely inchoate. Soon it will be too late. The problem, of course, is that of the Hispanic invasion. Either the Spanish-speaking immigrants will be acculturated by exposure to English-speaking, English-oriented practices and curricula, or we'll go the road to bilingualism.

Senator Hayakawa, who as an immigrant's son not only learned English but mastered it, becoming a professional philologist, believes the problem to be worth therapy no less grave than a constitutional amendment.

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States . . . 1) The English language shall be the official language of the United States. 2) Neither the United States nor any State shall make or enforce any law which requires the use of any language other than English . . ." The proposed amendment goes on to say what any sensible amendment on the subject would be expected to say—such things as that nothing in the amendment should be construed as frowning on the teaching of foreign languages or the preservation of ethnic rituals and celebrations.

Count me in. The Hispanic population is estimated at 12 million in 1980. In 1990, some demographers predict, it will exceed in size the black population. Imagine if we could converse with our black brothers only through Swahili. Don't laugh! Senator Hayakawa has a point of singular cultural consequence, and if you don't believe it ask a Canadian. Address your letter in two languages. □



THE STRANGE DECLARATION OF THE MORMONS

New York, June 4—Every time I visit Utah I renew an oath never ever to say anything unpleasant about the Mormons because they are, quite simply, the nicest people in the world. Unhappily, just as treaties need occasionally to be broken, one must make exceptions to any rule. What on earth got into the Elders when they made their pronouncement against the MX missile? The reasoning was not only specious, but provocatively so. The Elders spoke about the Mormon mission to find a peaceful sanctuary for members of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. This sanctuary, which comprises most of Utah and parts of Nevada, happens to be the logical site for the deployment of our MX land-based missiles, if indeed we proceed with the project. The notion that to place those missiles in areas inhabited by Mormons is a violation of the Mormon charter is not a proposition easy

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to defend. By that logic no army camp should be situated in Utah, no industrial plants that manufacture instruments of death.

The Mormon religion is not pacifist. And even if it were, the preambular commitment of the Constitution of the United States to provide for the common defense takes precedence over any group's position on MX missiles, the manufacture of tanks, or the production of airplane motors. The implicit logic of the Mormon position is that any site that harbors instruments of potential destruction somehow mystically contaminates that site. Well, the earth is morally neutral, and doesn't know whether what is being built on it is a missile-launching site or a hospital.

As to the subsidiary argument, that the presence of a military or strategic facility is a temptation to foreign missiles to come calling, the Mormons are forgetting the logic of the MX, namely that we should come up with a shell-game strategic system which would overtax the capabilities of the Soviet Union. The idea of the MX is to augment the probability that Utah will escape nuclear devastation, rather than make likelier such a devastation. It is interesting to note that the biggest doves in town, men like Edward Kennedy and George McGovern, never objected to military or naval facilities in their home states. The immediate requirements of employment transcend their determination that every sword should be turned into a plowshare.

WHAT WAS most mischievous about the Mormon pronouncement was of course the timing of it. The big question in Europe is coming up very fast. It has to do with the deployment there of convincing deterrent strength: Pershing IIs and cruise missiles. The forces of the Left in Europe have combined with the forces of pacifism to oppose this deployment. The arguments used are, substantially, those of the Mormons. It becomes much more difficult for officials charged with developing a sound defense system to persuade Frenchmen and Germans and Dutchmen to permit the installation of defensive weapons when Europeans are in a position to cite Americans' unwillingness to permit deployment of strategic weapons in their own backyard.

On this point the United States has to be very tough indeed. In the last analysis Europe has to decide whether it will protect itself tactically against the possibility of Soviet overland advances, or whether it will rely exclusively on strategic retaliation. Or—whether it will rely on neither. But strategic retaliation, in the real world, is something that only the United States can deliver, and the cost of delivering it is as high as the potential disappearance of Salt Lake City. We wouldn't want that, would we?

Accordingly, if one puts the pieces together one is required to think first about tactical strength—enough of it to deter. The strategic weapon is there only as a deterrent. The Mormons' thoughtless intrusion with this solipsistic concern weakens the defense of Western Europe. □

ON THE QUESTION OF JURISDICTION

New York, June 8—The East subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which has been hearing testimony for and against the Helms-Hyde bill which would declare that "human life shall be deemed to exist from conception," is providing people interested in the Constitution and the law with a rollicking good time. Abortion stirs great passions, even as slavery did. The abolitionists understood themselves as arguing the metaphysical manhood of black men. The opposition understood themselves as defending private contracts and property. Both sides were guilty of casuistry, and both drew heavily on legal and constitutional argument.

So it is today, and anyone even platonically interested in constitutional argumentation should have a look. A good place to begin would be to request the testimony of Professor John T. Noonan Jr., of the University of California Law School at Berkeley. The lucidity and scholarship of Mr. Noonan are themselves a source of considerable pleasure, even if you reject his objective. It is to pass the pending bill.

Mr. Noonan devastates the argument that Congress has no right to limit the jurisdiction of the lower federal courts, a provision of the proposed act. That one is relatively easy. After all, as recently as 1973 Justice White (*Palmore* v. *U.S.*) was joined by Burger, Brennan, Stewart, Marshall, Powell, and Rehnquist in ruling: "The decision with respect to inferior federal courts, as well as the task of defining their jurisdiction, was left [by the Constitution] to the discretion of Congress." If the current law passes, Noonan argues, it makes sense that only the Supreme Court should pass on the law's constitutionality. The lower courts were found by Congress to be acting capriciously and inconsistently in handling requests by corporations for injunctions against labor unions—whence the Norris-LaGuardia Act, which deprived the inferior courts of jurisdiction.

Noonan surveys the extraordinary ideological passion that has characterized lower court decisions on matters pertaining to abortion.

One judge, on the First Circuit Court of Appeals, compared sterilization to "the excision of benign tumors which would cause subsequent neurological problems."

The Second Circuit Court of Appeals came up with an interpretation of *Roe* v. *Wade* (the Supreme Court's seminal decision of 1973) to mean that "abortion and childbirth, when stripped of the sensitive moral arguments surrounding the abortion controversy, are simply two alternative methods of dealing with pregnancy." That statement, to the extent that it says the obvious, is a waste of time. To the extent that it says more than the obvious, it is dazzling. The equivalent of saying, "Whether to heal the sick or kill them, when stripped of the sensitive moral arguments surrounding murder, are simply two alternative methods of dealing with sick people." It is of little comfort that the court proceeded to do just that: i.e., strip the question of moral arguments.

A judge in the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals told the mayor of St. Louis that he would have to pay for legal fees of the plaintiff because his refusal to permit elective abortion to be done in the St. Louis municipal hospitals was "a wanton disregard for the constitutional rights of the plaintiff." It helps that the Supreme Court reversed, and sided with the mayor; but the example stands.

A federal district court judge in Brooklyn simply mandated federal funding for abortion, calmly arrogating to himself the power reserved by Article I of the Constitution giving Congress alone the power to draw money from the public treasury.

A judge of the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals interpreted *Roe* v. *Wade* to mean that the unborn child in the womb was not "alive"—notwithstanding that the child was actually born, and only subsequently died: from wounds inflicted before birth, the subject of subsequent criminal investigation by the State of South Carolina.

Professor Noonan's brief of course merely begins by reaffirming the right of Congress to withhold jurisdiction from lesser tribunals on such matters as it deems appropriate. There is more, much more; and the document is available from the Committee on the Judiciary, U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the months — 126 170 68 9 142 14 1

B. The "loveliest village of the plain" — 133 172 166 3 143 140

C. One of my ancestors — 83 154 174 48

D. A town on River Bresle, N.W. France + person with a high I.Q. + an egotist's favorite word = A pope — 137 77 107 184 182 49 63 100 15

E. A policeman's billy (not a Carter's) — 41 136 145 185 175 51 65 73 91

F. Things got a shade rough in this place — 81 151 69 157 176 31 131 113 186

G. A household servant from abroad? — 36 135 70 53 187 112 167 146

H. Where a me, too, parliament might sit — 86 66 102 110 116 147 164 169 8 13 94

I. The capital of British Columbia — 153 138 23 27 42 74 79 82

J. Town in Providence County, R.I. — 105 191 39 29 6 158 44

K. Compelled — 125 5 16 40 64 95 115 150 159 168 179 104

L. Asserting positively — 121 56 134 118 7 72 181 192 160

M. Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's ____. — 37 17 54 106 85 33 132 43

N. In an undecided manner — 180 20 22 165 101 173 96 189 25 78

O. A city near Miami — 12 35 84 21 38 52 62 93 97 4

P. Remaining — 2 190 161 163

Q. A French diplomat and scholar (died 1600) — 18 193 89 45 34

R. An arm of the sea at the lower end of a river — 28 119 60 177 194 87 10

S. Where William Buckley kept his ship — 71 26 92 32 58 76 99 19 88 130

T. Employees (including footmen, yardmen, and rodmen?) — 98 11 162 122 149

U. Misleading or deceptive statements, actions, or procedures — 103 30 55 47 127 144 61

V. The Main Street of the United States — 111 124 80 50 67 155 171 24 57 139 117 46 90 188

W. Unscramble CREAM PEAK — 183 129 141 75 120 148 156 108 178

X. This has eight parts — 59 128 152 123 109 114

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 739 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 P	3 B		4 O	5 K	6 J	7 L		8 H	9 A	10 R		11 T	12 O	13 H	14 A
15 D	16 K	17 M	18 Q		19 S	20 N		21 O	22 N	23 I	24 V		25 N	26 S	27 I	28 R
29 J	30 U		31 F	32 S	33 M	34 Q		35 O	36 G		37 M	38 O	39 J	40 K		41 E
42 I		43 M	44 J	45 Q	46 V		47 U	48 C	49 D	50 V	51 E		52 O	53 G	54 M	55 U
56 L	57 V	58 S	59 X		60 R	61 U	62 O		63 D		64 K		65 E	66 H	67 V	68 A
69 F	70 G	71 S		72 L	73 E	74 I	75 W		76 S	77 D	78 N	79 I	80 V	81 F		82 I
83 C		84 O	85 M	86 H	87 R	88 S	89 Q	90 V	91 E		92 S	93 O	94 H		95 K	96 N
97 O	98 T		99 S	100D		101N	102H	103U		104K	105J	106M	107D	108W		109X
110H	111V	112G		113F	114X	115K	116H	117V		118L	119R		120W	121L	122T	123X
	124V	125K		126A	127U	128X	129W	130S		131F	132M		133B		134L	135G
136E	137D	138I	139V	140B		141W	142A	143B		144U	145E	146G	147H		148W	149T
	150K	151F	152X		153I	154C	155V	156W	157F	158J	159K	160L	161P	162T		163P
164H	165N	166B	167G	168K		169H	170A	171V	172B	173N	174C	175E	176F	177R	178W	179K
180N		181L	182D		183W	184D	185E	186F	187G	188V	189N	190P	191J	192L	193Q	194R

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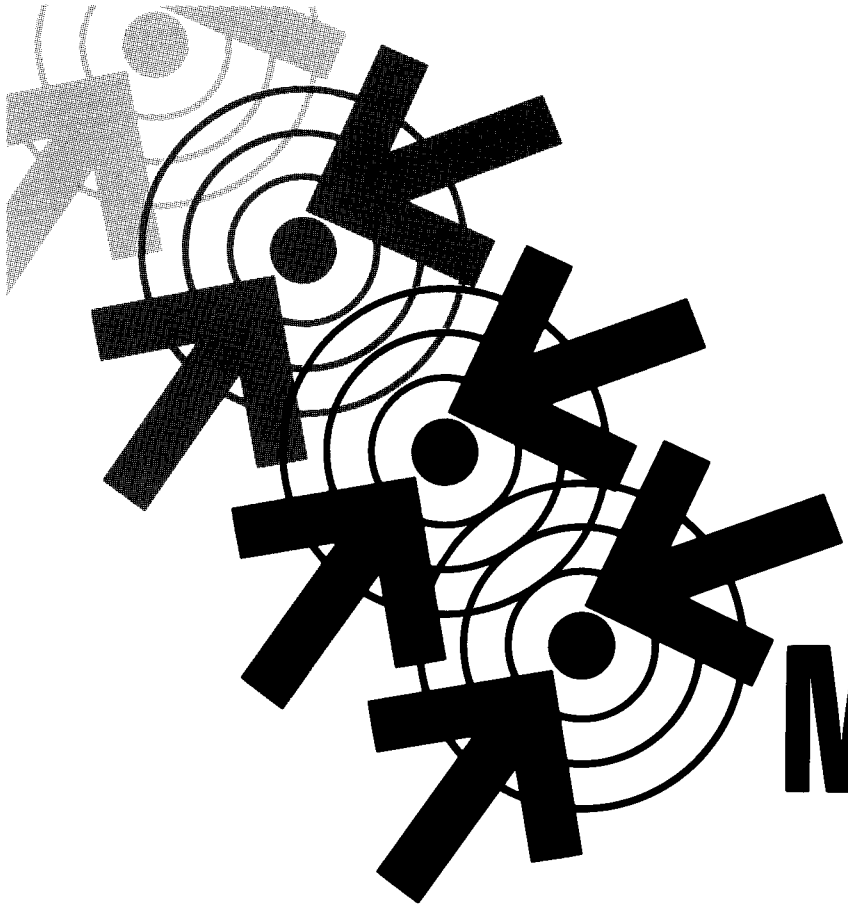

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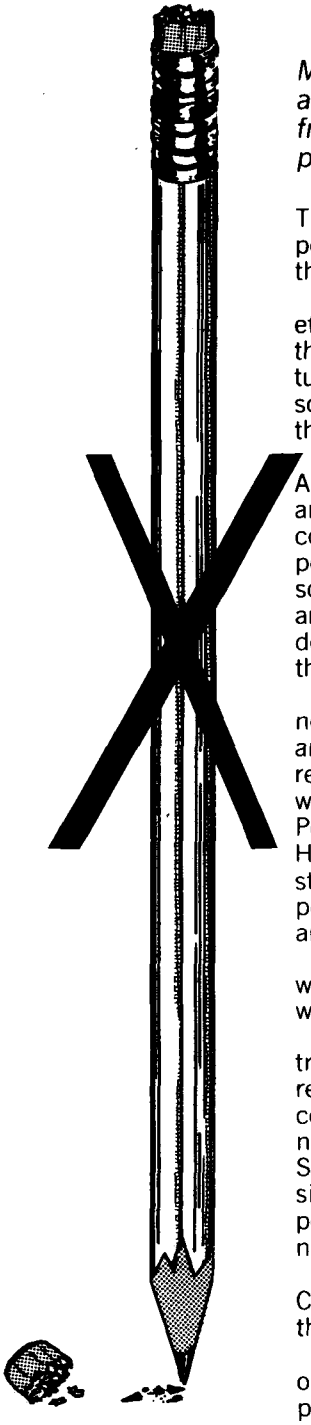
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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